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UNREST in Germany appears steadily to increase, and it now seems improbable that the Michaelis government can long survive. The weakness of the government is clearly established by the effect of its revelations concerning the mutiny in the German fleet. Similar revelations of treason in any of the Allied countries would have staggered the radical elements, for a time at least. The German radicals appear to have been strengthened by them, while the parties that were expected to profit from radical discomfiture are bitterly denouncing the Chancellor for the aid and comfort he has given the enemy. The Germans have had about enough of military adventure, for once. Their statesmen may urge them to hold out, recalling the weakness of coalitions in past history. But leaving Russia out of account, as both the Allies and the Germans now do, nobody can offer sure proof that the coalition against Germany is weakening. To suffer every privation at home, while their sons are gradually but remorselessly beaten back in Belgium and France is something the Germans can not endure indefinitely while waiting for miracles to happen. When a government enterprise fails so hideously as those of the Kaiser's government have failed, the most docile people in the world will insist on taking a hand at the business of governing.

THE descent of the German forces upon Oesel Island, the key to the Gulf of Riga, may possibly presage further aggressions against Russia. The power of resistance of the Russians is so low that the Germans could doubtless extend their lines some hundred or more kilometers nearer to the Russian capital without serious cost in men or materials, other than such as would be entailed by the necessity of holding a longer line. Additional Russian soil is, however, of no military value to Germany, and grandiose proclamations of new Russian victories can do little to stimulate a jaded national morale. It is just possible, of course, that the Germans are anticipating a counter revolution in Russia, and are placing themselves in a position to direct it to their own advantage. Germany might thus secure a separate peace with Russia, with access to such food supplies as the revolution has left available. Such a change for the better might give the German people courage to face some added months of war. But it would not alter the fact that on the western front, where they have massed practically all their effective fighting forces, the balance of men and metal runs against them, and will do so even more decidedly next summer when the American forces really begin to count.

TRADING with the enemy will be even more rigorously restricted than hitherto under President Wilson's executive order of October 14th. The control of imports is added to the control of exports, and placed under the new War Trade Board, which supersedes the Exports Administrative Board. While the immediate purpose of the order is restrictive, the fact that the same administrative body is placed in charge of both exports and imports opens a possibility that the work of preventing undesirable trade may be supplemented by the encouragement of trade that is

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desirable. The War Trade Board is certain to find itself more and more occupied with problems arising out of the interrelation of export and import trade. As everyone knows, the import trade in manganese is essential to the export trade in steel products, the import trade in nitrates is essential to the export trade in munitions and even in wheat, and the import trade in rubber is essential to the export trade in an interminable list of manufactures. Such interrelations are much more numerous than the average citizen realizes. There are also interrelations of the reverse order. If we must import manganese and rubber and nitrates from South America, we must send to South America either commodities or bullion, or exchange against us will rise to an inordinate level. At present we are not sending commodities enough, and the export of bullion is prohibited by executive order. As a consequence dollar exchange throughout South America is at a discount, amounting at some points to as much as 25 per cent. This means an addition of 25 per cent to the prices we have to pay for goods essential to our industry, and if the situation grows more serious we may find difficulty in securing such goods at all. This is one of the complications to be borne in mind before we decide to transfer tonnage engaged in the Latin-American trade to the North Atlantic service.

AMERICANS who are supporting the war because of a conviction that it can be made to contribute to a lasting peace are receiving far more encouragement at the present time from English statesmen than from the spokesmen for the war in their own country. We quote elsewhere some of the recent utterances of Premier Asquith. No less gratifying is Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's recent endorsement of the policy of using "diplomacy as well as soldiers, guns, submarines and aeroplanes to win a satisfactory peace." Finally Lord Grey of Falloden, in the preface written by him to a collection of President Wilson's utterances on the war, lends the support of his authority to two statements, the truth of which is neglected by the war propagandists in this country. One is that the Russian revolution may make Russia "more powerful and far more helpful in the making of peace than she could have ever been under a reactionary government," even though such a government possessed an efficient army. The other is the following conclusion to his introduction: "If the million of dear lives that have been given in this war are to have been given not in vain, if there is to be any lasting compensation for the appalling suffering of the last three years, the defeat of the Prussian will to power, however it is brought about, will not by itself be enough. Out of that defeat must come something constructive, some moral change in international relations, and the entry of the United States into the war, in the spirit and with the principles that have inspired their action, is an invaluable and, I trust, a sure and unconquerable guaranty that in the peace and after the peace these hopes will be realized." Yet a huge proportion of the war propaganda in this country at the present time proceeds on the assumption that if the Prussian will to power can be defeated no constructive measures are required to clinch the victory or secure its fruits.

IF New York were a city that hated to be badly governed the one impossible outcome of the present municipal campaign would be the election of Judge Hylan. His defeat would have been almost certain even when nothing was known about him except that he was a stupid, ignorant, pliable man, picked as the Tammany candidate for reasons known only to Mr. Charles F. Murphy and a few friends. As soon as the New York World began its revelations Judge Hylan's defeat would have stopped being almost certain: it would have become absolutely certain. No city that hated to be badly governed would be capable of electing a man who sued a company, in which he was secretary and a director, the suit being brought by a dummy in his own private law office, for legal services, and then, although secretary and a director, allowed judgment in this suit to be secured by default. A man who had done these things would be greeted, if he proposed to run for the most trivial office, in a city that hated to be badly governed, by a yell of derision. But what is the use of talking about a city that hates to be rottenly misgoverned? They order these matters differently in New York.

IN state and national elections there is something to be said for the placing of the party nominee in party columns so that a voter who wants to vote a straight ticket will have the opportunity to do so. But in municipal elections admission of the party column to the ballot is wholly indefensible. Except under unusual conditions it puts insuperable difficulties in the way of the organization of special groupings of the voters for the emphasizing of municipal issues. It enormously increases the difficulty of fusing new local parties. In the coming New York election if Mayor Mitchel is defeated his defeat will be due largely to the party column. A substantial proportion of the Hylan vote and the Bennett vote will be derived from the prevailing habit of so large a proportion of the voters to make crosses in the Democratic or Republican columns. If the several candidates for mayor were placed on the ballot

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without party designation, these two candidates would be deprived of the chief source of their strength. In that case a vigorous campaign in favor of Mitchel would possess an excellent chance of success, for as a man and as a public servant his claims for support are overwhelming as compared to those of the two regular party candidates. His candidacy suffers from a handicap which is the result not of any mistakes and disqualifications of his own, but which is derived exclusively from the way in which our election laws discriminate against independent candidates. His supporters are working against unnecessary obstacles and the success which they are obtaining is an indication of all they might have accomplished under happier conditions.

ACCORDING to a Berlin despatch of somewhat uncertain authenticity, Germany is about to declare the coasts of Canada, the United States and Cuba war zones in which ships may be sunk without warning. There is nothing inherently incredible in the report. While Germany could not possibly maintain on this side of the Atlantic a submarine patrol comparable to that with which she afflicts the British Isles, even an occasional submarine sinking here would slow up our shipping in a perceptible measure. What is more important, it would require us to keep in home waters some part of our destroyer fleet. American destroyers, it is reported, have proved very effective in hunting down submarines, or at least in restricting their operations. Germany's submarine flotilla may be so numerous that half a dozen could be spared to prowl about a coast line so long that a quite disproportionate defensive effort would have to be made to keep them in check.

IF German financiers had so fertile a field as the United States in which to operate, they would make short work of getting the second Liberty Loan heavily oversubscribed. In the first place they would have all the banks and trust companies take liberal amounts, on the understanding that no actual money would be required, but credits, involving no special reserve, against which the government might draw in payment for goods and labor. In the second place they would exact subscriptions from all the munitions makers, steel manufacturers and other producers directly or indirectly interested in government contracts, with the understanding that such subscriptions would not need to be paid in before equivalent sums fell due on contracts. These producers would also have the further understanding that the bonds taken by them would be treated by the bank as good collateral for bank loans bearing interest not greater than that borne by the bonds. By similar methods we could quickly raise many billions in government loans. Why do we not employ them? Because they are essentially of the character of inflation. When we subscribe to the Liberty Loan we make shift to furnish real money, saved out of our incomes. We enable the government to spend a billion by refraining from spending the billion ourselves. When the Germans subscribe, what they place in the hands of the government is a collection of I. O. U.'s, which the government realizes on in the purchase of supplies at such terms as it can get. In this country the German plan would produce an astounding rise in prices. All persons of fixed income or practically inflexible income, including the whole working class, would find their command of the necessaries and comforts of life reduced. Speculators would find their incomes greatly increased. For the moral gain of a loan promptly oversubscribed we should pay by higher costs of living to those of our citizens who already find costs high. That is why our Treasury is pursuing the difficult but honest method of raising loans by direct appeal to the people.

STOCK exchange flurries are disagreeable but inevitable consequences of a national policy that involves the absorption of all the savings that the people can make. Financial writers may impute the market distress to one or another incidental circumstance, such as the inroads of taxation upon free income, or the failure of railway earnings to keep pace with railway expenses. Taxation and deficit in railway earnings do no doubt affect the spirit of the market for the moment. But the situation would not have been materially different even if we had adopted the plan of financing the war entirely through borrowings and had permitted the railways to raise rates to a level satisfactory to them. Successive issues of government bonds, in volume exceeding the normal rate of saving, and at interest rates that are as high or higher than those yielded by the best railway securities before the war, must inevitably change the basis on which ordinary securities are valued. Four per cent railway bonds are no longer worth par, however secure they may be. In England the average value of ordinary securities has declined by about one-fifth, as a consequence of the diversion of free capital to war loans. We must anticipate a similar decline. And with us the decline will be more rapid, more frequently accompanied by stock exchange flurries, because, unlike England, we have no huge volume of foreign securities to dispose of, and no prosperous neutral market for our own securities.

A FALL in security values need not seriously derange any form of business upon which our

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national efficiency depends. Without administrative relief, to be sure, it might embarrass the insurance companies, the savings banks and trust companies and other financial institutions that are required by law to maintain a definite aggregate of values to cover their potential obligations. If the securities held by insurance companies, for example, were to be written down ten or eventually twenty per cent, many of the companies would be technically insolvent. There is, however, no reason why the value of such securities should be written down. They yield the same income as before, and it is out of income, not out of capital reserve, that all the current claims upon the companies are met. The same thing holds, with some qualifications, of other financial institutions. They are perfectly sound if only they are not held to technical requirements that are expedient in time of peace, but that could work immense mischief in a crisis. It is to be hoped that the state authorities will adopt the policy announced by the Controller of the Currency permitting national banks to use a moderate latitude in valuing their bond investments on a basis of "intrinsic worth," instead of the present abnormal quotations. The controller's diagnosis of abnormality may not pass the financial pundits, but the remedy he prescribes cannot fail of being salutary.

VOLUNTEERING as a method of recruiting armies is now quite generally recognized as inefficient, disorderly and unfair. Yet we cling to the principle of volunteering in one of the most important branches of our services, the medical service. The doctors are so little in the habit of airing their views in the public press that we hardly realize what a difficult moral problem the war presents to the conscientious physician or surgeon. Shall he abandon his practice, which to a man of his type is not a mere business, but the obligation of serving those who trust him as they trust no one else? Or shall he go about his affairs as if his country were not engaged in a life and death struggle, as if thousands of her sons were not suffering inconceivable pain, for want of an adequate medical personnel in the field? Such a problem ought not to be made to rest upon the individual conscience. All the physicians and surgeons of the country ought to be subjected to the obligation to serve, and the public authority ought to determine who should serve at home, who should serve at the front. The man who remains at home for reasons that are satisfactory to the public authority would then be freed from the reproach of being a slacker, and the man who goes would be freed from the charge of making light of his duty toward his regular clientèle. By no other method can we keep some communities from being stripped of their able practitioners while other communities enjoy a relative plethora of medical service.

THE intense patriot in Europe may believe that national boycotts are possible, but a sad shock to this theory has just been delivered by the indiscreet firm of Thomas Cook & Son. It appears that when the Kaiser proposed his trip to Jerusalem some years ago he elected to follow the man from Cook's. This episode was lost to memory till a newspaper the other day implied that the Kaiser was not properly conducted through Jerusalem. Between patriotic hate and professional pride we may suppose the Cooks to have struggled, but professional pride triumphed excessively, and a letter was sent to the newspapers not only proclaiming the service performed by Mr. Cook but publishing a laudatory personal acknowledgment by the Kaiser. If this sort of buoyant disregard for antipathy can be shown in the middle of a war, what hope is there that tragic intensity can be sustained later on?

"Blade to Blade"

"OFFICIAL diplomatic relations [with the enemy] are of course broken off, but the stream of public opinion flows even across the frontiers drawn by trenches and cannon. Our newspapers flit across to the enemy's country, those of the enemy are studied here. The study of the psychology of our enemies, of the changing currents of public opinion, is also an important duty lest we should at a moment when all is hard, stiff and unbending stretch out our hand and hope to produce an effect by soft words or lest when on the other side the ice is melting and a more conciliatory mood sets in we should break in with a harsh word. We must keep in touch, blade to blade."—From a speech by Baron von Kühlmann.

The statesman among the Allied nations who is keeping touch with the enemy, blade to blade, is the ex-Premier of the United Kingdom, Herbert H. Asquith. He, as the official chief of the British War Aims Committee, has been making a series of speeches in which he has confronted the Germans on their chosen field of peace propaganda, and their attack is not only parried but it is answered with a counter-attack. He even competes with the Germans in using a discussion of the essential conditions of an enduring peace as part of his war propaganda. Mr. Asquith has been particularly emphatic in repudiating a peace based on the material guaranties which would seek merely to substitute a balance of power unfavorable to Germany for a balance favorable to Germany. He bases his hope of the future pacification upon a confederation of peoples. He asks us "to banish once and for all from our catalogue of maxims the time-worn fallacy that if you wish for peace you must make ready for war." And he insists

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upon the necessity of considering, as soon as the fighting stops, "the limitation of armaments and the acceptance of arbitration as the normal solvent of international disputes."

Particularly effective, however, have been Mr. Asquith's retorts to the German propaganda in favor of an immediate peace conference. To all their overtures on the subject of a negotiated peace he has answered with the question, "What specifically are you going to do about Belgium?" and by thrusting this question at them he lays bare the impossibility of formal negotiation without a preliminary agreement as to principles and their consequences. He is using the original offense of the German government as an impregnable defense for the Allies against the German peace attack. If what the Germans mean by a negotiated peace is a trading arrangement whereby they can swop Belgium and northern France against a renunciation by the Allies of similarly negotiable international securities, they are trying to make the Allies the accomplices after the event of German misdeeds. Devoutly as we may hope and pray for a peace by agreement, it would be fatal to convert reconciliation into a mask for complicity. The Germans cannot expect other nations to believe in the sincerity of their peace propaganda until they are ready to make what reparation they can for the act which violated the most precious preserve of European internationalism and destroyed an essential bulwark of French and British security. A peace of reconciliation must face chiefly towards the future, but it cannot ignore the immediate past. It must be based, not on the trading of negotiable securities, conquests and commercial discriminations, but upon the acceptance of certain common principles of right and the repudiation of certain practices incompatible with those principles.

The German peace offensive has tried in vain to pass this barrier. Michaelis, like von Bethmann-Hollweg, has considered it sufficient to reply to the question by a refusal to tie the hands of the German negotiators, and by so doing they merely emphasize the truth of the complaint. They are manifestly asking the Allies to admit the absence of any real grievance and to consent under the cover of a peace by negotiation to an unprincipled barter of conquests. Von Kühlmann has sought a diversion by a counter question about Alsace-Lorraine. But the Allies do not have to accept a challenge as to their policy in that respect. They have not conquered Alsace. The Germans have conquered Belgium and a slice of northern France. Before their peace propaganda can make any headway they must agree to abandon all territory conquered by treachery and to abandon, also, the attempt to obtain compensation for surrendering the fruits of their own misdeeds. After they have made this first essential concession, it will be time to consider how far the Allies are entitled to the territory which they have or have not or would like to conquer.

As long as the German government will not promise unconditionally to evacuate Belgium and northern France, it is unable to carry on a peace propaganda which will either divide its enemies or keep its own people united. None of the Allies will shirk continuing the war in order to prevent the German government from profiting by its initial outrage; and, until an unequivocal promise is made to repair the damage, German liberals can hardly believe that their country is fighting exclusively to guarantee its own security. Yet necessary as the promise is in order to give vitality to its peace propaganda the German government has a good reason to shrink from making it. If ever a German government consents to give Belgium and northern France a privileged position in the negotiations over occupied territory, the consent would be equivalent to a confession of guilt; and after the confession had been made it is difficult to see how the government which committed the offense and was driven to repudiate it could survive. The German people would deserve to lose the respect of the rest of the world unless they insisted on changing a government which was self-convicted of betraying them into making so many sacrifices for an unrighteous cause. Hence it is that Mr. Asquith's retort to the German peace propaganda tends to the same result as that of President Wilson. The latter is asking the German people to repudiate their government. The former is asking the German government practically to admit that it deserves repudiation. These are the terms upon which a negotiated peace becomes possible.

No matter how it dodges and doubles on its tracks to escape, the German government is pursued remorselessly by the fatal consequences of its initial offense in marching its armies through Belgium. It was an offense which could not have been committed by any Power whose rulers were not planning an aggression dangerous to the security of the rest of the world. It was the beginning, consequently, of a train of events which little by little has marshaled practically the whole of the civilized world against Germany. The submarine campaign was the direct result of the violation of Belgium, because the German government was compelled by its moral isolation to seize any weapon which offered a chance of victory. The enemies of Germany are not unreasonable in insisting on the impossibility of negotiation or of reconciliation without a repudiation of the offense and of its perpetrators.

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The Labor Shortage

THE American labor supply was never less adequate to the demand than it is today. From all over the country warnings are heard that unless something is done to increase the supply of agricultural labor we must fail as a nation to meet in full our obligation to feed the world next year. Our harvests have been good, and we have managed to get them under cover with no very serious losses that can be ascribed to labor shortage. But we cannot safely count upon another equally favorable season. We must prepare for a greater acreage and more intensive cultivation, and this will require more labor. Our mining industries need more laborers. Through better organization and the elimination of idle time we are raising more coal than ever before, but not so much more as to assure us that our furnaces and factories will be satisfactorily supplied. Our shipbuilding program is embarrassed for want of hands. The construction of dwellings to accommodate the normal increase in urban population is hampered by lack of labor. Even emergency construction designed to shelter the ever increasing influx of workers to the munitions factories is held up.

Moreover, the condition is likely to grow worse before it grows better. If the war is to last another year, or longer, the withdrawal from industry of young men for military service will influence the labor supply very perceptibly. Thirty divisions in France may grow to forty or fifty. Not only will this number be withdrawn from our list of potential producers, but the work of supplying them with guns, munitions and supplies will represent a tremendous strain upon our industry. With the progress of the war the demands for material increase at an accelerating rate. Each new offensive is distinguished by the fact that its consumption of munitions is wholly unprecedented. When all due allowance has been made for improvements in the processes of munitions production, it remains true that every division in the field makes progressively greater drafts upon the labor at home.

Our obligation to supply our Allies to the extent of their inability to supply themselves must also be borne in mind. With five million men or more under arms, England cannot be expected to provide for the increasing demands for material from France and Italy. More and more of her industrial energies will be required to supply her own armies. The industrial effort of France may be assumed to be at its maximum. Italy is hampered in her attempts at industrial expansion by lack of raw materials—a lack that cannot well be supplied until the volume of ocean tonnage is materially increased. Plainly, what lies ahead of us is a tremendous industrial effort. Our output of the necessities of war must increase, at the same time that we must provide for the needs of our civil population, and in large measure for the needs of the civil populations of the countries allied with us.

Where are we to get the labor that such an industrial effort demands? Some of it may be released from the industries supplying objects of comfort and luxury that we shall forego as we divert more and more of our national income to the payment of taxes and to subscriptions to government bonds. Some of it may be secured through a better organization of the labor market, reducing the time a man loses between jobs. Here and there labor may be economized through the introduction of automatic devices, or through a more lavish use of mechanical power. But the chief potential resource at our command lies evidently in the increased employment of women.

Before the war the industrial employment of women was at least as general in England, France and Germany as it is in the United States today. Under the necessity of war, those countries have found it possible greatly to increase the number of women in industry. The women recruits to industry have not indeed filled the places of the men called to the colors. Total output has suffered decidedly, especially in the export industries. But it is not too much to say that it was this additional employment of women that saved the Allied cause and enabled England and France to place the Germans on the defensive.

It is now incumbent upon us to see how far we can substitute the labor of women for that of men. Before the war it would doubtless have been urged that the private interest of employers had already introduced women's labor wherever this would pay. We have now learned that mere inertia is an important determinant of industrial arrangements. The British government is employing women where it formerly employed only men, and with results that are satisfactory from a financial point of view, as well as from the more essential point of view of economy of national resources. At the Woolwich arsenal, for example, only 125 out of the 10,866 persons employed in August, 1914, were women. According to the latest available reports, 25,000 out of 73,500 now employed are women. Women make up over 60 per cent of the personnel of the department of design and inspection. In private industry women have found their way into numberless employments formerly monopolized by men. In this movement toward the employment of women the private interest of the employer has been reinforced by patriotic considerations. Doubtless in many instances women are employed where it would be more profitable to employ men, even

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at scarcity wages. But in time of war such a consideration is of no determining importance.

What we especially need is a thorough survey of our industries with a view to determining for each the possibility of substituting women's labor for that of men. The president of a great street railway system is quoted in the press as authority for the opinion that women could take the place of men on street railways. From time to time other large employers of labor point out possibilities of substitution, at no great expense, if suitable housing accommodations could be provided. But down to the present we learn of only one systematic inquiry that has been made concerning the possibility of increasing the proportion of women employed in an industry; and the industry in question was one that did not promise well.

Suppose, however, that such a survey had been effected, and extensive opportunities for the employment of women discovered, how should we find the new supply of women's labor? May it not be taken for granted that practically all the women are now employed who find themselves under the necessity of seeking remunerative employment? What is necessary is to enlist the services of that very large body of women who would not be attracted to industry under normal conditions, but who are eager to do their share toward American victory.

It goes without saying that any attempt to increase the proportion of women in industry could be successful only if it were part of a thoroughly worked out scheme of labor distribution. If a certain number of men can be released from an industry by the substitution of women, this would be desirable, provided that the men could be placed in positions where they would command equivalent earnings, and provided that such a scale were fixed for women's work that no suspicion of profiteering could attach to the change. It also goes without saying that labor itself, as represented by the trade unions, would have to be enlisted to the support of the plan, and this would mean that the government would have to safeguard the interests of the skilled trades. The British government has managed to secure the consent of a far more self-conscious body of skilled trades than our own to a "dilution" of skilled labor by unskilled. Our government ought to be able to attain to similar agreements with organized labor.

If we are to meet the industrial requirements that are sure to be laid upon us, we cannot escape the necessity of drawing in some such manner upon our only considerable labor reserve. The social and political problems involved are serious. There are serious technical problems involved, also. Much of the available labor is not trained, and how shall our industry, strained to its utmost capacity, find energies for the work of training new hands? Where the skill required is considerable, a comprehensive labor program would make public provision for it. The British have broken in hundreds of thousands of new women workers, many of them to employments requiring a high degree of skill. We are setting out to train some millions of young men to the highly skilled occupation of war. We can train their sisters to industry, if we make up our minds to the fact that in a great measure we are to fight the war by means of our industrial army.

Negro Conscription

THE South is not altogether easy over the conscription of the Negro. The withdrawal of a considerable fraction of the supply of farm labor is embarrassing just now when the pull of the North upon Negro labor is intensified by the drying up of the flow of immigration from Europe. The assembling at mobilization points of large numbers of lusty young blacks accustomed to no other discipline than that of the plantation quite naturally gives occasion for concern. But what chiefly disturbs the South is the probable effect upon the Negro population of the return of the men who have served their campaigns. Will the Negro be the same kind of man when he is mustered out as he was when he was mustered in? Will he accept the facts of white supremacy with the same spirit as formerly? Or will he have acquired a new sense of independence that will make of him a fomenter of unrest among his people?

There are some indeed who dismiss southern anxiety as quite groundless. The Negro problem, they assert, will present the same aspect after the war as before it, whether Negro soldiers serve in France or not. But this is to ignore all the teaching of experience. The South is quite justified in its belief that war will affect the habit of mind and the behavior of the men who engage in it. The Russian peasant who has fought in Galicia is a quite different being from the timid, abject creature who tilled the black lands before the war. He makes a very restive mount for the lords of the earth, as his record in the revolution demonstrates. The German peasant too appears to be changing under the influence of his military experience. The German aristocracy is not so certain as once it was that "Hans bleibt immer Hans." Unrest among the masses of the working population of England and France is no remote contingency. At all events there are defenders of the existing order in both countries who express grave concern over what will

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happen when the soldiers return to civil life. In so far as institutions, political or social, are based upon fear they are likely to be challenged by the returned soldier. After facing death in its most hideous forms on the field of battle, will a man cower before a black look, shrink from a threatened blow?

If England and France and America are in no serious danger of political or social disturbances when the soldiers return, this is because the fundamental institutions of those countries are not founded upon the exploitation of fear. Obedience to the law, except in sporadic instances, rests upon a general recognition of social utility, not upon fear of the police. We leave their possessions to the privileged, not because they hold the keys to the jail, but because the system that produces them serves the social purpose better than any other system we have been able to devise. We may expect that the system will be subjected to severer popular scrutiny after the war. We may expect that it will have to undergo many modifications. The government and the employers may be required to show cause why they should permit crises of unemployment to arise. Hours of labor, scales of wages, sanitary and safety arrangements, provisions for disability and superannuation, may be overhauled. All this may give rise to some embarrassment to the lords of the earth, and to much murmuring. But in the long run they will find the new order as satisfactory as the old. They claim title by virtue of service; they cannot object seriously to a more precise definition of their obligation to serve.

Do the relations between blacks and whites in the South rest upon mutual service, or does the social system of the South rest upon fear? Southerners themselves are far from unanimous on this point. There is a type of southerner who swears that the proper function of the white man is to keep the fear of God or Devil in the breast of the black. There is another type of southerner who conceives the function of the white man as that of guide and protector of the black man. The latter, to judge rather by general effects than by expressed opinions, is the prevailing type. Relations between the races are generally far more cordial than could possibly be the case if the southern social system were based wholly, or even chiefly, upon fear.

The southern white profits by the labor of the black and he gives service in return. The Negroes of the South, we may well believe, are better off than they would be in a black republic. It does not follow that they are so well off as they ought to be. It does not follow that the whites are performing to the full the obligation they owe. Grant that the South has done much for the Negro; it has not done enough. The southern white will have to give more service in return for his privileges, just as the Prussian aristocrat, the French and British and American factory owners will have to give more. This is a necessary consequence of a war that stirs democracy to its greatest depths.

There is much that the South ought to have done for the Negro that it has not done. It ought to have put down the temperamental Negro baiter, the man who goes out of his way " to put the nigger in his place," acting on a psychology more crude and stupid and brutal than the worst Prussia can exhibit. The South ought to have assumed greater responsibility for the Negro's civil and economic welfare. The best men of the South know that there are cormorants of sharp business preying upon the Negroes. They know that the Negro is handicapped when he buys land and when he sells it; that he is handicapped in every legal transaction; that if he is ambitious, his road to advancement is inhumanly steep and slippery unless he chances to have the personal protection of a white man of the best type. But the men of the best type have not organized for the defense of the legitimate interests of the Negro. They intervene in specific cases of injustice, but they leave untouched institutions that make for injustice.

Conscription of the Negro brings the South face to face with the necessity of overhauling its scheme of racial relationships. It is a necessity that many would avoid. They would be willing to send more of their own sons to battle if their local institutions might remain unchallenged by new problems. But local institutions cannot go forever unchallenged. Is the South willing to admit that white supremacy cannot rest on any sounder foundation than fear? If it can rest on service, the problems arising out of Negro conscription cannot be insoluble.

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Tonnage for the Spring Drive

WHEN we consider the matter of ships, American ships, to carry men and supplies to Europe for this war, our thoughts go first to our ships now building, to our new prospective merchant fleet; and it is indispensable, that fleet; but there is another thing that is indispensable and, in a way, more instant. Between now and the opening of next spring's military activities we have only six months. Shall we, at the end of those six months, be on French soil with the utmost of our power, for ourselves and for the Allies, possible? Shall we have given to the veteran armies of the Allies every ton of steel and copper and other raw materials possible, while, balanced, we have also given to our new army on French soil every man and every ton of supplies possible, within an harmonious scheme of coöperation between the urgent needs of the Allies and the urgent and properly ambitious efforts of America? That question, a question touching the whole military fate of next year's sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of lives, French, English, Italian and American, is manifestly a question which must be answered, first of all, in tonnage, amount of tonnage, direction of tonnage. But in that answer it is not our new merchant fleet that plays the major rôle and demands our major instant consideration. It is our old fleet. It is what we have now.

Between now and next spring we shall do well if we increase our present merchant fleet by twenty-five per cent. The Germans were officially in this country, with an Embassy and with Embassy spies, last January. They know our tonnage and our ship-building capacity for producing tonnage and our industrial capacity for producing the ship-building capacity for producing tonnage. It is telling them nothing to say that we shall be doing well if, for every hundred tons that we now have of ocean-going shipping, we have, next spring, one hundred and twenty-five.

Therefore our immediate practical concern, for next spring's offensive, is not a rushing, plunging use of a vast multitude of new ships, now impossible, but an economical, efficient, intricately balanced, ton-squeezing use of a relatively small fleet, four-fifths of which is now in being. For what we are going to do on the Atlantic next summer and next fall we need ship-building genius now. For what we are going to do on the Atlantic this winter we now need administrative ship-managing genius. And the word genius, if used loosely, is also used advisedly; because nothing short of a very high order of brain and back-bone will give us the instant decisiveness absolutely necessary.

Let us look frankly at a few of the questions involved and let us look frankly also at the fact that no central conclusive authority has been erected which can take those questions, as they must be taken, jointly, and can settle them, as they must be settled, together.

Are our existing ships on their proper routes? Are there ships going to South America or to Central America or to the West Indies that could be transferred to the transatlantic trade? Are there ships in our coastwise trade that could be similarly transferred? Is it necessary for us to keep on importing more coffee and more cocoa from the American tropics than we did two years ago, while Pétain's artillerymen need steel for shells?

Again, among the ships in the transatlantic trade, have we accomplished a proper distribution between ourselves, on the one hand, and on the other certain of the Allies who are not rich in ships? That notorious one million tons of raw materials bought by the French and lying on our Atlantic seaboard, should it lie there, three thousand miles from the perfectly trained soldiers who could hurl it in shells and grenades with the utmost of effectiveness against our common enemy next spring, while in the meantime at the present moment we are naturally and necessarily using a great many ships to carry finished supplies to France for the use of American soldiers who, no finer men in the world, would nevertheless be eaten alive by the Germans today if the French were not their rampart? Is the need of the French for that million tons really a greater need than our need and the world's need of a quick strong American army in Europe? A military question. A question in the highest realms of international, political and moral strategy. To be settled in *tonnage*. By whom?

Again, among the ships that have been taken into the immediate and so to speak personal service of the government of the United States for the continuous transport of troops and of stores and munitions for troops, shall we confirm the principle of operation by the military and naval authorities or shall we install the principle of operation by the Shipping Board, which controls all other American ships and which is in constant coöperation with the mass of American professional merchant-ship operators? Our present practice of turning merchant ships over to the army and navy for governmental transatlantic trade and of then absolving the Shipping Board

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from all operating responsibility for them is flatly counter to the results of costly European experiments and findings. Why is it that the British Admiralty, the most spacious and experienced naval establishment in the world, is no longer allowed to conduct ocean transportation for the British army? Why is the British army obliged to ask for transportation, to buy it, as it were, for so many men, for so many tons of goods as necessary, from the Ministry of Shipping, which thereupon provides the ships and carries the army, the army's men, the army's goods, just as it might carry any other sort of passenger or any other sort of cargo in civilian ships controlled and operated by civilians with commercial civilian dispatch, the army having nothing to do with it except to get on at the port of departure and get off at the port of arrival?

The British military authorities have now ceased to be allowed to play with merchant ships, just as they long ago ceased to be allowed to play with factories. The Minister of Shipping in this respect completes the work of the Minister of Munitions and does what one would think the military mind would appreciate—frees it for fighting. How long are we going to indulge our Army and Navy Departments in their perverse, unnatural passion for manufacturing and for commercial non-naval merchant-ship operating? Do we really imagine that our fighting authorities, who still have to become acquainted with the contemporary technique of fighting itself, can incidentally succeed in accomplishing civilian tasks of which the British fighting authorities, tested by three years of war, stand stripped? Do our present methods give us, for every ton of shipping on direct government service, the maximum number of miles and the maximum amount of cargo per month or are they giving us, as certain observers already report, fewer miles and less cargo than is got out of similar tonnage in the service of civilians?

Such are some of the questions brought up by a consideration of the most instant phase of the matter of ships at this time. Among them the first in logic and the first in practice is the distribution of ships by routes. Let us look into it a bit more closely.

The Germans know as well as we do, because our shipping records have till lately been at their disposal, that our total of ocean-going merchant ships, exclusive of ships taken or bought from the German merchant fleet and from the Austrian merchant fleet, does not reach much above three million tons deadweight. One million, roughly, of that three million is today in the transatlantic trade, in direct governmental service and in civilian service. The other two million are in other trades, coastwise trade, the trade in the Pacific, the trade to the east coast of South America, the trade to the west coast of South America, the trade to Central America and to the West Indies. The tonnage of the ships formerly German and formerly Austrian amount to approximately 750,000 tons. A most creditably large part of it is already in the transatlantic trade. Let us suppose, stretching the present possibilities slightly, that absolutely all of our ex-Germans and ex-Austrians will soon be in the transatlantic trade. Our tonnage in that trade would then be approximately only 1,750,000 tons. And we should still have more than half of our possible ocean-going tonnage doing business in other trades along routes which are not directly war routes.

Among such routes, routes not directly war routes, the ones most frequented by ships of our flag are, as all the world knows, the ones to Latin America. Can we shift any tonnage, importantly, from Latin America to Europe? We most certainly cannot, if by so doing we deprive ourselves and our soldiers of necessary nitrates for munitions or of necessary wool for uniforms or of any other genuinely necessary commodity for genuinely military purposes. But is our whole Latin-American tonnage being used for such commodities? Our statistics of exports and imports come down in full to the end of last July. They indicate that our trade with Latin America includes great quantities of commodities not necessary to the winning of a war. In the first seven months of this year we imported 840,000,000 pounds of coffee. That means 420,000 tons. It means many trips of many ships. It also shows a great increase in the importing of coffee in comparison with the corresponding period of year before last. In 1915, in the months from January to July inclusive, we imported only 684,000,000 pounds, 342,000 tons. It is an increase, from 1915 to 1917, of 78,000 tons, in a seven-month period, of a commodity distinctly not necessary.

And is cocoa all of it necessary? We get three-quarters of our importations of it from Latin America. In the first seven months of 1915, two years ago, we imported 139,000,000 pounds. In the first seven months of 1917, in a year in which we all of us talked much of the increased cost of living and of enforced economies, we imported 263,000,000 pounds. It is a virtual doubling of our importations. It is an increase of 124,000,000 pounds, of 62,000 tons.

Further, our exports to Latin America do not by any means seem to consist entirely of things which the Latin-Americans must have or perish. In the first seven months of 1915 we sent 790 passenger motor-cars to the two farthest parts of Latin

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America—Argentina and Chile—requiring the longest voyages. In the first seven months of 1917 we sent those two countries 4,095 cars. To Argentina alone our exports of tires for cars increased in the first seven months of 1917, over the first seven months of 1915, from a value of $48,000 to a value of $1,038,000.

I do not say that these figures or any accumulation of similar figures can be taken to prove that important transfers of tonnage from non-war routes to war routes are immediately practicable. I only say that they must cause us to search our hearts and to quicken our minds to determine, competently, whether or not we are sacrificing military objects, and therefore the lives of men, to trade routine and trade inertia. The longer we protract the war, the severer must be our ultimate pecuniary as well as our ultimate personal forfeits. The British, to meet the immediate needs of their army, have now been obliged to withdraw much tonnage from the route between Britain and the far east; and the commerce of Britain with the far east in cotton goods, a commerce as ancient as modern capitalistic industry, is checked at the British shore; and many cotton mills in the Midlands are concertedly put on short time. If such measures must be taken by us as well as by the British, let us by all means take them when they will do the most good—soon.

Suppose, then, that this question, in a concrete case, is up for decision at Washington. Let us put it in a very definite form, an abstractly definite form, for argument's sake. Shall this ship, a certain ship, be withdrawn from voyaging to, let us say, the West Indies and put to voyaging to France? How, by whom, will this question be considered in Washington today? How, by whom, will the decision be reached? We shall see that if delays ensue, if errors are made, it will not be the Shipping Board that is to be blamed, nor the War Department, nor the War Trade Board, nor the Shipping Committee of the Council of National Defense nor any other board or department or committee whatsoever. We shall see that the responsibility for delay and error will rest on an absence of real responsibility, on an absence of responsibility comprehensive and consolidated.

WILLIAM HARD.

A Clue to Russia

ABOUT the Russian revolution one feels what Heraclitus felt about the nature of things. It is in continual flux, and any assertion which one may make about it will have ceased to be true as one speaks. The safest plan would be to wag a symbolic finger, as the wise man recommended, by way of indicating that "it flows." Ministries chase each other across the field of vision; after one congress to restore the nation's unity, it is safe to predict that another will be necessary in a month; the little Cossack Korniloff, in spite of his pitiable failure, may not be the last of the Napoleons; and the Maximalists will "demonstrate" again and yet again. It is the way of revolutions to generate energy by explosion. To the steady gaze, however, the flux reveals itself as a stream which moves in conscious and determined currents. The instability and confusion at the center of power is far from meaning chaos; it is, on the contrary, the oscillating index of a struggle of tendencies as rational and inevitable as any clash of wills which can occur in any human society. Our English newspapers attribute the whole conflict to disputes over the conduct of the war or the promotion of peace. The Maximalists are for them merely traitors, bought by German gold, who work to make a separate peace, while Korniloff was the pure-minded patriot whose single purpose was to "get on with the war." This elegant simplification misses the whole point of the internal conflict. To be sure, each side accuses the other of working for a separate peace; the charge is merely a way of saying with due emphasis that one disagrees with a man. The root of the whole misunderstanding is that few of us realize even yet, that there is latent in the revolution a social as well as a political upheaval.

The general view was that Russia had got rid of Tsardom, and all that now remained for her to do was to adopt at leisure something resembling the French Republican constitution. That to be sure, was an immense change, but the country seemed to be wonderfully unanimous about it. The partisans of Tsardom dared not show themselves, and the conservative elements, who would have preferred a constitutional monarchy, were embarrassed by the difficulty of finding a suitable dynasty. The Romanoffs, after the Rasputin scandal, were finally impossible, and Russia could hardly go, like a Balkan state, to pick up a foreign princeling in a Viennese café. The graver dispute turned on the question whether the republic should be a federal system, based on full autonomy for such regions as Finland, the Ukraine, the Baltic provinces and Siberia. That question, in spite of the preference of the Cadets and other Liberal-Conservatives for a

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strong centralized government, has practically settled itself. It became clear that these non-Russian regions must receive the fullest measure of home rule; the only practical alternative was independence. The great Russian majority had neither the will nor the power to coerce them. One might have supposed that the foundations of the future Russia were already laid, and that no controversy could shake them. Republicanism on the French pattern, federation of a loose and generous type, universal suffrage for all classes and both sexes, these were fixed by the will of the people or the pressure of irresistible forces. What then is the source of unrest?

The source of unrest is the thing which destroyed the abortive revolution of 1905-06. When the first Duma met, its first act was to set to work to draft an ambitious scheme of land purchase, under the inspiration of the Cadets. Bold as their scheme looked to English eyes, it did not satisfy the Socialists, while the landed class, which included the officers of the army, saw in it red ruin. The result of attempting this immense social change, before the representative system was consolidated or civil rights secure, was that autocracy triumphed, while the people split into three camps—Liberal property, Conservative property and the half-aroused proletariat. The raising of the land question at that moment seemed a gross error in tactics, but the more one talked with Russians about it, the more one realized that it was inevitable. No revolution can succeed in Russia without peasant support, and the peasants will follow a revolution only when its leaders promise them land. The present revolution was made by peasants, since the revolted regiments of the Petrograd garrison, whose delegates formed the Soviet (Council), were all composed of reservists only recently called up. The main body of the Socialists has been commendably willing to coöperate with "bourgeois" parties, but from the first there has been one point on which it admits no compromise. It stands for the abolition of private property in land. The Russian revolution was inspired by Socialists, and in those first days of fighting when the Liberals watched it inactive from a balcony they lost all chance of directing it. It was rather naïve to imagine, as our English press did and still does, that Socialists had shed their blood merely to set up a Liberal republic.

A great victory was won for democratic diplomacy, when M. Miliukoff fell from office as a result of his defense of the secret treaties. But a still more important change occurred during those stirring days of May. The Ministry of Agriculture was confided to a Revolutionary Socialist leader, M. Tchernoff. His views are those of his whole party, and they are shared on the land question by the more cautious peasant "Party of Toil." M. Tchernoff set to work to draft a scheme of land settlement for submission to the constituent assembly, which in spite of postponement must some day meet. Its outlines became known, and M. Tchernoff was at once the butt of Liberal and Conservative attacks, which soon degenerated into personal calumny. When Kerensky became premier in July, the first proclamation of his government established as a principle the abolition of private property in land.

The general idea of the Social Revolutionaries and the Party of Toil is to vest the ownership of land in the commune or parish. The Social Democrats differ only in preferring national to communal ownership. Each family will have the use of as much land as it can cultivate with its own hands, with its share of pasture. The average, it is reckoned, will be, including pasture, about thirty or thirty-five acres. The quantity, to English notions, seems handsome; but Russian agriculture is very primitive, and the Russian family is very large. Forests will belong to the whole commune or to groups of communes. The old crown estates, the lands of the monasteries, and the excessive portions of private estates are all to be thrown into the common stock. There will have to be a good deal of migration, much rearrangement of communal boundaries and a bold subdivision of private estates, before the great settlement can be completed. Finally, and this is the grave feature of the scheme, it is not proposed that either the state or the peasant shall pay any compensation whatever for the prairie value of confiscated land. That something will be allowed for improvements is probable, but Russian landlords did not usually sink much capital in their land as English proprietors do. Even allowing for the many compromises and alterations in detail which are certain to be introduced, the scheme means broadly that the Russian landed class may find itself possessed, as the result of the revolution, of just as much land as each aristocratic family can till with its own white hands. That is the real issue between revolution and counter-revolution.

The western reader may be tempted to dismiss such a scheme as this as visionary doctrinaire socialism. It is far from being that. Socialism in western countries has a visionary look, because it is the product of theoretic thinking with no basis of tradition behind it. Even the peasant in the west believes in the private ownership of land. The Russian peasant, on the contrary, regards private ownership as a criminal usurpation. He grew up in the Mir, or village commune, which owned the inadequate stock of common land as its collective proprietor and parceled it out periodically in thin

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and hungry strips among its families. The institution is as ancient as our common Indo-European origin, and it has formed all the peasant's conceptions of property. To him the immoral, the anti-social thing is to seize and possess and bequeath more land than one can till. Again and again, from Pogatcheff's rebellion in the seventeenth century down to the emancipation of the serfs, the rumor has spread among the peasants that the Tsar was going to give back to them the land which the aristocracy had filched from them. The revolution is going at last to do what the Little Father never did. M. Stolypin, realizing that a conservative Russia must be based on private property, began in 1907, through a law carried by a coup d'état, to break up the Mir and to create a class of peasant owners. That law in ten years had wrought a good deal of destruction, but it could not reverse the thinking of centuries.

It is idle to discuss the expediency of restoring the land—the morality of it seems to me to need no defense. It is what nine-tenths of the Russian people demand. Even the Liberal-Conservative Cadets would have to deal with this question, as they tried to do in 1906, and in one way or another would have to ensure to each peasant family a holding on which it could live. The dangerous point of the scheme is its insistence on expropriation without compensation. Here again, it is fact rather than theory which is decisive. "The State," as a Russian Socialist expert put it to me, "cannot pay compensation, and the peasants will not." With the ruble at about a quarter of its pre-war exchange value, and the external war debt mounting to a total which threatens bankruptcy, it seems idle to the purpose that the state should buy out the landlords. As for the peasants, who is going to coerce them? Not the army, for it is composed of peasants reckoning on the day when peace will mean for them the conquest of Russian soil. Not the police, it is all disbanded. Not the constituent, assuredly, for nine-tenths of it will be elected by peasant votes. The municipal elections in the towns result in immense Socialist majorities. The Cadets have no early prospect of attaining power. The peasants care nothing for Socialist theory and have a certain intuitive dread of "Maximalists" and of Petrograd. But they will vote only for candidates who promise them the land.

It is a fairly safe axiom in politics that land is one of the two or three things for which a propertied class will always be willing to make a civil war. Its interests are solid, for when once you have abolished private property in agricultural land, the oil-wells and mines suggest themselves as interesting marginal cases, and when the owners of these begin to tremble, the whole capitalist world feels nervous. But what is property to do? A direct frontal attack is hopeless. It can only conduct a guerilla warfare, disparage the revolution as far as it can, sow dissensions in its ranks, make the utmost use of the war, and postpone the evil day by putting off the date of the constituent assembly. It has attempted one counter-revolution already, but Korniloff's venture does not suggest that this is a hopeful expedient. The Cossacks, who are all small landowners holding by military tenure, may be induced to fight for it. The wilder non-Russian soldiery, Turcomans, Moslem Tartars and the rest, might be united or bribed into supporting it. But with these exceptions, the rank and file of the army is solid for the revolution. So long as it is mobilized, a military coup d'état in its present condition is doomed to failure. Its condition might perhaps be changed. The restoration of discipline, even by the drastic and wholesale revival of the death penalty, was a good war cry while the Germans were breaking through on a wavering point.

My own belief is that the demoralization of the Russian army has been grossly and deliberately exaggerated. Honest men exaggerated it, in the hope of rousing Russia to a sense of shame. Less honest men exaggerated it in order to discredit the revolution. German military critics, including a progressive writer like Colonel Gadke, were amazed by these lamentations, and placed on record the view of the German army that, on the whole, the Russians fought well even in their retreats. There was real demoralization only at one point, but that was after a too rash and gallant offensive had ended in mere massacre. In the retreats of 1915 the Russian army lost 900,000 prisoners. Was there no demoralization then? In the retreat of this summer the prisoners amounted to 23,000. Newspapers have one measure for a Grand Ducal commander-in-chief and another for a revolutionary army. The intention behind all this excessive insistence on discipline was partly to discredit the provisional government and partly to pave the way for the introduction of the old iron rule which would again make an automatic army—the kind of army which will follow its chiefs wherever they may lead. Today these chiefs may lead it against the Germans, tomorrow they may march on Petrograd. It is this fear that the army may again be hammered into a dull tool for despotism, which explains the anxiety of the Socialists as they listen to proposals for restoring the habit of passive obedience. If Korniloff had been a little less sanguine and impatient, if he had restored discipline effectively before he launched his picked divisions against Kerensky, it is just possible that he might have had a temporary success.

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The conflict is postponed, it is not settled. No propertied class would accept defeat at this stage. Before the plan of confiscation is adopted, it will try other expedients. In the last resort, it may appeal to foreign aid. For the moment this counter-revolutionary tendency, popularized by a conservative press, undoubtedly has the sympathy of most of our English middle class. The issue is not understood. Our public sees that revolutionary Russia is useless as an aggressive element in the war, it forgets that after May, 1915, Tsarist Russia did no better. The plain fact is that this military failure is not so much moral as material. Three nations in Europe have shown the capacity to conduct war year after year on the modern scale, France, Britain and Germany. Austria, backward when compared with these three, advanced when compared with Russia, is almost at the end of her endurance. It is only the developed industries, the elaborate railways, the good roads, the diffused education, the habit of orderly work of a modern civilization, which enables Britain, France and Germany to endure the strain. Russia with her infant industries, her sparse railways, her execrable roads, her general illiteracy and the slack rhythm of unorganized peasant labor is unable to adapt herself to the trial. The food problem threatens this winter to make general famine, and the reason is primarily that the whole capacity of the railways is required to feed the army at the front. Production has fallen off, but distribution is the chief problem. No gallant Cossack adventurer, however childlike, can alter a situation like this. Neither Kerensky's speeches, nor the Soviet proclamations, nor even the death penalty, can enable a backward, neglected, primitive, agricultural country to wage war on the modern industrial scale.

The chief difference between revolution and counter-revolution is that while the former appeals to us to moderate our war aims, summons us to council at Stockholm and works with all its sincerity for an early general peace, the latter would be only too likely to seek an accommodation by some devious backway. What the counter-revolutionary party does as an opposition, or might do if it were in power, is determined, however, not so much by its opinions on European policy as by the exigencies of the internal Russian struggle. It is battling for the rights of property as it conceives them, it is opposing a movement which has latent in it a social revolution. It will make war and peace, it will call in the foreigner or drive out the foreigner, according as it reckons that one course or the other will serve its class interests in its dire peril. The internal lines of division in Russia are fast becoming sharper and deeper than any frontier.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Price of a Home

I

A SHORT time ago a woman applied for admission to the graduate school of a university in the Middle West. She was middle-aged and in good health. Twenty-five years had elapsed since another large university had given her a college degree with honors. During this period she had been conspicuously successful in her business, which was home making. The four children she had borne were almost grown up now, and all were healthy in body and mind.

After the dean had heard her story he remarked kindly, but with an air of finality: "You are welcome to enter our graduate school and to get all you can out of it. You are certainly entitled to all you can get. As for that higher degree which you seek, I am doubtful if you ever gain it." "Why do you say that?" asked the woman. "Because," replied the dean, after taking a moment or two for reflection, "our experience has compelled us to recognize that the occupation of home making, important as it is, does not prepare the mind for its higher activities and attainments."

Another woman applied for admission to a domestic science school of high standing. "How much credit can I have on my past work?" she inquired. When the lady in charge learned that this past work was fifteen years of continuous cooking for the applicant's own family, she said with emphasis: "Home work does not count. We give no credit except for work done in our own classes or in schools of equal standing."

These stories illustrate the low value put upon certain branches of home making as a mental discipline. How is it with another branch, with the training of children? Eminent educators agree that most mothers, judged by the work they do in the field of child study, and by the irregularity and absolute unreliability of the reports and data they send in, have undisciplined minds. Mothers may or may not succeed in educating their children; seldom do they succeed in educating themselves.

Now it is of course deplorable that the occupation of home making should so often prove adverse to the mental development of the home maker, but it is not surprising. Very many women become home makers under the influence of a force comparable to the instinct of the birds for nesting, and quite without attempt to think out in advance the effects of this occupation upon themselves. After the nest has been built, perhaps, and the young of the species have arrived, the home maker begins to be aware of certain things the meaning of which is far from clear to her. She realizes that she

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has bound herself to her occupation not for a term of years but for life, that there is no promotion for unusual excellence, no dismissal for lack of faithfulness to duty, no extra pay for overtime. As a matter of fact the rule is "the more work, the less pay."

At the outset the home maker often accepts cheerfully enough such maxims as "blessed be drudgery" and "he who is faithful in that which is least shall become the greatest." She masters in a year or two years at most details which must nevertheless be repeated, although all the freshness and interest have gone out of them, as long as life lasts. Slowly the freshness and the interest do go out of them. Through many years of conscientious work the home maker does not quite realize her plight, yet all this time she suffers from a growing suspicion that life is not acquiring for her the values which she expected, that for her it is bringing no widening of sphere or of outlook. In a vague unanalyzed way she feels the inexorable effects of child training and housekeeping upon her own mental life and powers. After a score or more of years of monstrous repetition of tedious trivial details she recognizes at last, if she has any sense at all, that the kind of drudgery to which she has been faithful is not a blessing, that instead of experiencing an enlargement of life she is growing narrower every day. She has a sense of injury that she has fallen upon a career so uninteresting and uncongenial. If her husband's income is large enough she escapes from domestic service and tries to enter broader fields. But the fact that individuals are able to and do exchange their routine life for more stimulating occupations does not greatly alter the general condition. Such escapes are exceptional. Large numbers of women who are highly endowed, and smaller numbers who once were even brilliant, continue to maintain homes and to rear children at the expense of their own highest mental development.

It is the custom to declare that things such as I have been saying here ought not to be true and therefore are not true. This pious declaration does not however affect the case. Endless repetition will have its results, no matter who likes or who dislikes them. Routine work which is destitute of meaning is not capable of stimulating brain action. Attention wanders when interest is absent. The only mental processes which are performed with facility are those which are performed with pleasure. It is under such conditions that ideas are more profuse, that associations are quickly made. The mind does not grow unless it meets with new things, and so, for the person whose regular job consists of washing the same plates and spoons three times a day, every day for a quarter of a century or more; of setting and unsetting for an equal length of time the same table and dusting the same chairs; of filling in the moments between with other duties of the same order—for a person so employed the inevitable result is brain stagnation. Lack of intellectual content in experience and constant repetition arrest mental development as certainly as newness, freshness and interestingness make for mental growth.

I recently learned that the inmates of insane asylums are set to work at polishing a hardwood floor by drawing a weight about it. The imbecile continues his rounds hour after hour, making no protest, never asking for anything new. Last week a carpenter came to build a new back porch for us. "Well, Jacob," I remarked, as I stepped out to shake a rug, "it is getting to look quite like a porch, isn't it?" "Sure and it is that, ma'am," he answered, as he surveyed his careful handiwork with pride. "By night I'll have it all done." The workman had accomplished something a little different from anything he had done before, something new. I went indoors and finished sweeping the kitchen. Was my work more like the carpenter's or more like the floor polisher's in the asylum? I wished I could exchange jobs with Jacob.

All this monotony in the home maker's occupation would be less unendurable if it were a monotony in doing well, but it seldom is. The work of housekeeping and of child training is not standardized as are other kinds of life work. A young and intelligent home maker must establish her own standards of order, cleanliness and systematic performance. For a time she lives up to them scrupulously. Later the body wearies of tasks repeated indefinitely, and little by little she is tempted to do them less well, especially those where slackness is not immediately conspicuous. Later still this tendency becomes more insistent and she feels an actual repugnance to doing them at all. There are days when she feels she must throw all the dishes on the scrap heap rather than wash them, and as for breaking an egg, which has to be done so endlessly in cooking, she clenches her teeth lest she jam the whole sack of eggs into the garbage pail. And that putting on of the kitchen apron with which she begins each day of her life, Sundays not excepted! Times there are when she seems to be putting on not an apron but the fetters of a slave. Things reach the impossible stage and a reaction comes. She analyzes the situation and decides that her attitude is all wrong. "This is my job," she argues with herself, "the price I must pay for the home. I know I would rather do what I am doing than go to a boarding house, even if we could afford it, which we can't." So she begins all over again, only to find in process of time that the old dis-

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couragements insidiously present themselves and have to be fought.

But the children? Surely in their care every mother may find constant freshness, and an endless supply of new problems for her mind? So much may be said in answer to the question that I shall try to deal with it in another article.

JULIA CLARK HALLAM.

A Holiday in France

IT was one of those little French villages which have never had a beginning and will never have an end. A tiny corner of the Champagne, a town, if you will; but so far from being a mere collection of habitations, itself an inhabitant of the countryside. From the nearest roll of hilltops one caught a glimpse of checkered fields. Here and there lanes rambled and dwindled away into the dim, never so vagabond as to elude their two rows of watchful hedges. Occasionally an orchard squared itself trimly, as though to say, "I too am a good French peasant; I too can suit myself to the occasion." Of course there was in the far distance, which is always the near distance in the west Champagne, the curve of a stream and a scattering of trees making free to saunter impudently across all the orderliness and neatness and four-sides-to-a-rectangleness. And there in its nook, just not concealed by another low hill line, exactly where you would expect it, sat the hamlet. The dusty drab of its buildings melted in some way into the vague, unknown tints of the land about. Gray shades of the open and gray shades of the close, very much the same mixtures of no color and every color in the world. Yet for all that, houses are houses, even when they are houses that have simply grown through all everlastingness, like the big trees we played under when we were children. So, with houses, there was a village. The light from the dull sun lounged easily against the slate roofs, with only a mite of laughter in the quiet. And the church steeple hauled itself to the full height of its old time kindliness, and betrayed scarcely at all that it was wistful.

We whirred and whanged into the midst of all that, my German officer and I,—I in capacity of American Delegate, Soup Ladler Plenipotentiary and Purveyor of Dried Peas. With a last toot and flourishing the big, slick automobile crunched to a standstill before the sweep of a courtyard arch. It was an arch, a French arch, an arch through which might have galloped D'Artagnan to send the wretched fowl scurrying for their lives behind the nearest water barrel. I saw plainly enough the rare old chap as he swaggered and strode; I spied his plume bobbing furiously when he bussed the cook's maid; away down in the depths of my ears, I heard him demand, "Sang de Dieu!" refreshment for man and beast.

My German officer had been ordered to assist me in "providing food and clothing" for the "French civil population." I quote from the agreements. He may or may not have had further orders to shoot me in contingencies A., C. and F. In any event, he appeared to have no special orders about French arches and courtyards, and not even general instructions about D'Artagnan. So we went in to find the French delegate of the local feeding committee.

The local delegate was Monsieur Fabris. He was seated dingily behind his desk, flanked on both sides by tottering mountains of dusty papers. As we entered the room we heard him talking, not as though he were starting to salute us, but as though he had started, years before, and were worming magnificently through the vistas of his theme.

". . . and it is therefore with the keenest pleasure, my captain, that I have the honor to receive you, you and the representative . . ."

As we approached, Monsieur Fabris arose bulkily, planted himself, adjusted his shoulders, extended his arm, and recommenced as though never to draw breath or cease:

". . . and it is therefore with the keenest pleasure, my captain, that I have the honor to receive you, you and the representative of that grand nation which has sent . . ."

When by Herculean efforts my German officer had quenched him, I could still detect the eloquence of Monsieur Fabris working silently, like yeast, somewhere inside his massive person.

But after all, it was the clothing distribution which was the stuff of the occasion. That had been arranged to begin at once, and naturally we were invited. Monsieur Fabris conducted us, and we pressed through the crowd huddled about the door. I regarded them curiously. I was still unaccustomed to flapping trousers and sabots, and brown wrinkled faces, and I was fascinated then, as always after, by the quizzical smile which is France. Monsieur Fabris opened the door, and the crowd thronged within.

There was a long table at one side of the room, where someone had arranged the meagre assortment of shirts and waists and socks which had been sent the commune. Three men presided solemnly behind. One was a tall, lean individual with pince-nez glasses. He had pencils stuck in his vest pocket and wore a plated gold watch chain. In his hands he supported a ledger which might have contained a complete record of all the earthly acts of the entire population. Next to him rocked a pudgy man wearing an apron and a cap. A baker, for two

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hundred sous. Near the end existed a ponderous creature who seemed to be utterly incapable of comprehending the drift of the proceedings. Throughout the ceremony he remained fixed, motionless: a frozen dignitary, an official whose sole function appeared to be to contain himself somehow within his knitted jacket and to peer and bulge over his escaping spectacles. The crowd shuffled and clattered against the stone flags. Such old folk the greater number of them were, quite old and wrinkled. But here and there a young woman in loose blouse and skirt thrust her red, beaming face over the shoulder of some octogenarian. On a bench by the wall four miraculously ancient women in white caps cackled and nudged one another. Monsieur Fabris, reeking with importance, assumed a position directly in front of the center of the table. He waved back a few of the more importunate, to round out the circle about him. Then he produced a white felt hat and some slips of paper.

"My God, it's a lottery! He's going to raffle off the clothing!" wheezed my German officer.

It was a lottery. "The only fair method," explained Monsieur Fabris.

The first to draw was a gaunt man in a ragged coat. He was unmarried, someone said. He drew a pair of baby's slippers. The crowd giggled. The four old women on the bench teetered in ecstasy.

"People will exchange later," announced Monsieur Fabris solemnly.

Then came a stalwart woman whose chance was a suit of men's underwear; following her turn a fat youth carried away a red knitted skirt. Women were clutching each other in their joy. Men grinned largely to show their comprehension of the richness of the thing. The four old folk on the bench poked one another till I feared for their venerable ribs.

"Those two will have to marry, then!" declared my German officer. The German idea of a joke is to leave as little as possible to the imagination. I glanced about quickly, but everyone was too delighted with the farce to mind. They were all laughing so.

"You know, I think it is simply too cute," decided my German officer spontaneously. He was at bottom a good chap. "This is a real holiday for them. Fabris, the old rascal, has given them a holiday." And he chuckled good-naturedly.

A holiday! A holiday for them! A little jubilee! They, who lived in an unknown village, scarcely more than a rifle shot behind the Death Line of the Western Front. These, whose sons and brothers and fathers were gone, dead, broken, lying in dank trenches amid the stench of war. They were ridden and crumpled. Their homes were the houses of foreigners, of enemies from other and strange lands. Their all had been seized, turned into tools against those of their blood. They were captives. They were paupers. Their peasant thrift was mockery; their life love was a jest. They were existing, dragging out their miserable months of dread and hope and desolation, accepting the dull thud of cannon and the bread of charity. And they were having a holiday! And it was true. Fabris, the old rascal, Fabris who doubtless robbed them to a centime before the war, Fabris, because he was a fool and a poser, and perhaps because he knew unwittingly something about France which we of coarser grain have yet to learn, Fabris had given them a holiday.

". . . but you have had to put in some blanks," my German officer was objecting, "because there weren't enough garments to go 'round. That means that some of the poorest may have had nothing."

"Monsieur le capitaine:" Fabris squared himself in imitation of a hero of the Revolution. "Monsieur le capitaine, et Monsieur le Délegué Américain: there are those of us here who do not need our chances. There are among us who can afford to forfeit what it has been their lot to draw. We, those that is, will see that the real unfortunates shall not suffer!"

"You can't beat him," acknowledged my German officer to me privately.

The automobile was snorting and grinding in some odd manner, as though it too had been affected by the arch and the courtyard, and were trying, as best a clumsy automobile might, to "gnash the bit." We were starting.

". . . if you had just a moment to see my numbering system for deliveries to neighboring communes . . ." bellowed Fabris above the racket of the motor.

Behind him the dingy old crowd surged about the gateway.

"No, no! Another day," shouted my German officer. We began slowly to move.

". . . a truly model system! Very interesting, and could be adopted . . ." Fabris shrieked and clung heavily to the side of the machine, which was gathering speed rapidly.

We waved farewell to him and to the people at the gate. A weary, brave little flourish of caps saluted us as we pulled up the street.

"Monsieur le capitaine, et Monsieur le Délegué Américain . . ." It might have been that as well as anything else that Fabris was sputtering.

He merged into the gray slant of the evening and was lost under the shadow of the old church steeple.

JOHN LOWREY SIMPSON.

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VERSE

The Stars

Only the stars remain to travelers' eyes
  Unalterable; the waters change their hue
Beneath the flattery of alien skies
  From jade to silver and from bronze to blue.

Sunrise and sunset spread their lovely light
  As slow as solemn music in the North,
But southward, like a dart descends the night,
  And like a meteor the day breaks forth.

And faiths and manners vary—friends, they say,
  And even lovers of a constant mind,
Not the light loves we meet upon our way
  But those enchained by vows we left behind.

Only unchanged the patterned stars endure,
  As when they first assured or threatened man;
Still Vega glitters, crystalline and pure,
  Still like an angry eye Aldebaran.

ALICE DUER MILLER.

In Memoriam

Francis Ledwidge, Poet

Within the hollow of the hand of God
  Lie all his gathered years, so few, so few,
And all the happy meadows where he trod
  Are blind with dew, blind with white tears of dew.

He took Life's empty chalice and he filled
  Its emptiness with poetry and song,
But now the wine of his young life is spilled,
  The wine that was so sweet, so clear and strong.

The flowers who are gentle folk and wise
  Have hid his secrets—they will keep them well;
The happy soul that looked out through his eyes
  Has fled, the echo of a heather-bell.

Yet he will come again and sing his songs,
  A swift-winged swallow, and the shifting days
Shall be the happier for these his songs,
  The happier for these his artless lays.

JAMES L. MCLANE, JR.

Meditation

I sat on a city roof
Like an ancient ivory idol
Gazing
Upon the checker-board beneath me
Where the living play a game
That they do not understand
Moving by rote from rules
Established
By the dead.

MASON JUNIOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

Those Columbia Trustees

SIR: In summarily dismissing Professors Cattell and Dana, the trustees of Columbia University have not preserved themselves from speedy and caustic protest. Already three of the most distinguished professors have criticised this action before their classes; two student petitions are under way; and alumni who are jealous of academic freedom are interesting themselves in the matter. It is clear now that the so-called "inquisition" into the "state of teaching at the University," which aroused so much amusement and resentment last spring, was seriously meant as a tool to dislodge professors who held unpopular opinions. An attempt has been made by the university to give a democratic flavor to this dismissal. But the only evidence offered as to "the judgment of the faculties" turns out to be a letter from eight members of the Committee of Instruction of the Faculty of Applied Science, with the work of which department neither Professor Cattell nor Professor Dana were in any way connected. This committee constitutes but a small minority of the Faculty of Applied Science, which in turn constitutes only a small minority of the faculty of the University. The faculty as a whole was not consulted, nor did it take any action whatever in the case. The trustees did not even accept the recommendations of the so-called Committee of Nine which "coöperated" with the trustees in the "inquisition," and indirectly represented the faculty. These arbitrary dismissals, therefore, were accomplished, under the plea of war urgency, in exactly the manner which has aroused so much protest in recent years and which has led to the formation of an Association of University Professors to safeguard the rights of academic freedom. The treatment of Professor Dana is particularly flagrant. He is a capable scholar, and a most excellent and popular teacher. There was no charge that he had neglected his duties, or intruded his opinions into his college work, or let his political activities detract from his service to the University. The only charge was that he had associated during the summer with "disloyal" individuals and organizations, thus doing grave injury to the university which he represented. No proof whatever is presented by President Butler as to the dangerous nature of the People's Council with which Professor Dana has been associated. It is by the irresponsible newspapers and not by the government that the Council and its leaders have been convicted for obstructing the war. The university is therefore in the awkward position of discharging a "treasonable" professor for mere association with an organization which in the eyes of a vigilant government is still law-abiding and free from prosecution. President Butler has been willing to use newspaper chatter as evidence for finding that "the gravest damage" has been inflicted upon the good name and influence of Columbia University by Professor Dana. What is the nature of this damage? No damage done to the university in the minds of the readers of the irresponsible and irrational press can equal the damage done in the minds of all fair-thinking men and women by this callous violation by the Columbia trustees of the principles of academic freedom. The case the university makes out for itself is so flimsy that only one conclusion is possible. Columbia has deprived itself of an honorable and valuable teacher, because he had opinions and engaged in activities which were unpopular. A similar proscription has been going on in many other American colleges. Yet if academic freedom is to be any-

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thing more than a name, college authorities must learn to tolerate unpopular opinion. If the good name and influence of Columbia is so fragile and insecure that it can be seriously impaired by the political heresies of two professors out of the hundreds, then the sooner the university closes its doors the better. One word of defiance to this outside clamor which university authorities pretend to take so seriously would silence it. One courageous instance of the protection of a heretical professor would give the university a moral prestige that would be unassailable. Particularly in war time is it essential that the university should not be swayed by the passion and prejudice of the hour. Unless a university teacher may hold opinions different from what the university as an institution holds, he is not intellectually free. Professor Dana's only offense was that he retained his pacific and internationalist philosophy in war time, and associated with other radicals who had retained theirs. He felt himself, as President Butler admits, to be actuated by the highest patriotic motives. He was charged with no specific offense against his country. The only charge is nonconformity. The Association of University Professors has never had a clearer case on which to base a fight for the principles of academic freedom.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

New York City.

No Federated Austria-Hungary

SIR: In your issue of the 6th of October, 1917, you again refer to the so-called policy of "Home Rule" for the nationalities of Austria-Hungary. It is only too evident that The New Republic regards the federalization of the dual monarchy as a panacea for all of the evils to which the Hapsburg monarchy has ever been exposed. There is absolutely no excuse for advocating such a solution for the problem of nationalities of Central Europe. It has long been cast overboard by all statesmen who are intimately acquainted with the conditions of the dual monarchy. It has no chance of being adopted and a still smaller chance of proving successful. The vast majority of contemporaneous reports must convince one that the Poles of the monarchy long for a reconstructed Poland; the Tcheco-Slovaks stand as a unit in their determination to sever their connection with the house of Hapsburg which has on more than one occasion so shamefully betrayed their trust. The Rumanians of Transylvania are determined to form an integral part of a unified Rumania. The Serbo-Croats together with the Slovenes are striving with might and main to emerge from this conflict as a united people whose future interests are to be taken care of by the house of Karageorgevitch. There now remain the two dominant nationalities of the monarchy—the Germans and the Magyars. If we are to accept Count Andrassy as a true representative of the latter even the Magyars are irreconcilable enemies of any scheme that would grant the non-Magyar nationalities of the Crown of St. Stephen the same rights as those enjoyed by the Magyars. The Germans of Austria are no less opposed to changing the existing form of dualism. They merely exploit the federal idea as a pawn for the purpose of securing concessions from the Allies.

Since, then, there is such a unanimous opposition to such a solution by all of the people who are to be included in this future formation what chance of success is there? The interests of the Slavs and of the German-Magyars are diametrically opposed to each other. The one group sympathizes with Russia and France. The other is determined to maintain its alliance with Germany. Will a federal scheme ever be able to reconcile these divergent interests?

If The New Republic should be fair-minded enough to open its columns to representatives of all of these nationalities that are to be coerced into the acceptance of such a scheme, instead of evidently publishing articles from the pen of those who regard only German and Magyar interests, I am sure that even the editors of this valuable periodical would soon be convinced of the futility of such a Utopian scheme.

G. H. MIKA.

New York City.

F. P. A.

SIR: Not solely because F. P. A. conducted the best "funny column" in America, shall we miss him. Not because he breathed originality, or rendered classic stanzas into excellent English verses. Nor because there was always a laugh in the heterogeneous collation of quips, persiflage and comment which gained for Franklin Pierce Adams a vogue unequaled in contemporary journalism. He would be the first to disclaim these attributes. To "old B. L. T." he would probably tender the laurels of premier wit, to Calverley acknowledge indebtedness for constant inspiration, and to the loyal legion of "contribs" give credit for a great deal of the "colyum's" brilliancy.

Rather will F. P. A.'s following miss him because of his genuine sympathy for humanity (a somewhat shopworn word just now) and his readiness to lend his trenchant pen to its service. Long before his present commission he was enlisted in the struggle for democracy. Sham, cruelty, injustice, tyranny were the chosen adversaries with which he gladly crossed swords and seldom without a "touché."

At this, of all times, when independence of spirit and liberal thought are rare and hence doubly precious, F. P. A. is ill spared from his post in "The Conning Tower." May his furlough be short!

E. H. G.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Exemption of Farmers

SIR: I desire to direct your attention to the present procedure of promiscuously drafting farmers for the new Federal army. Last spring, when war was declared almost synchronously with the planting of crops, there was an hysterical panic to increase the agricultural production of the country, varying in its manifestations all the way from the planting of potatoes on the lawns of New York city to the exhortations of the President and his Cabinet to redoubled efforts on the part of the farming element. Even some of the "fire-eating" New York journals suggested that "conscientious objectors" be sent to the farms in lieu of military service. Everyone seemed unhesitatingly to agree that our agricultural interests had the honor of holding the key to the success of our military efforts. However, now that the harvest for 1917 is practically finished, the nation seems completely to have forgotten that another and still larger one will be even more urgently needed a year hence.

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The report was persistently circulated at the time of the enactment of the selective draft law that the section on industrial exemptions was prepared primarily for the benefit of the agricultural and munition industries. What the attitude of the draft boards has been in regard to the exemption claims of munition workers is not known to the writer, but he has the best authority for stating that practically no respect is being shown to claims for exemption based on agricultural occupation. In central New York, the region best known to the writer, the claim of a farmer for exemption on the basis of having dependents, or for exemption on the basis of participation in the agricultural industry, not only receives no consideration from the exemption boards, but even subjects the applicants to personal ridicule and humiliation. I have received similar information from other parts of the state and from the Middle West, so it may be assumed that this procedure is somewhat general. The local exemption boards are constituted in the main by residents of cities and villages, and the district boards are entirely composed of urban dwellers, with the well known contempt of the townsman for the rural element. This traditional prejudice is allowed to obscure the broader interests of the nation.

Again, the exemption boards take the curious position that the greater the land holdings of the farmer, and, hence, the greater his importance to the agricultural industry, the less valid are his claims to exemption. Young men who are owners or managers of one or more large farms are naïvely directed by the exemption boards to "rent" their farms. They are not told, however, to whom they are to do the renting. With every available farmer and farm hand strained to the utmost exertion to handle the situation as it now exists, there is no one who can rent a farm without leaving vacant the one which he at present occupies. The specific land represented by every drafted farmer must of necessity be left to indifferent cultivation or be completely idle. There can, thus, be no doubt that unless the short-sightedness of the exemption boards can be curbed in some manner, the agricultural production of the country is bound to be seriously lowered in 1918 by the mere impairment of the working force available. To this must be added the psychological effect of this procedure upon the farmer who is not so mentally obtuse but that he is able to see the injustice and inconsistency involved in urging him to greater exertion and the next moment proceeding to deprive him of the most indispensable and non-replaceable element in his equipment—*man power*—or even to take the farm owner himself, if he happens to be under thirty-one. It is inevitable that the farmers will be discouraged and disgruntled, and in either case will diminish their productive activity.

This procedure of the draft boards would be dangerous, even if the nation had just been enjoying "seven years of plenty"; it is little short of criminal when we are facing a desperate shortage of farm labor, food shortage, and the highest agricultural prices we have had since the Civil War period.

It is not to the point to argue that it is no worse for the farmer to be shot than the clerk. However true this may be from the standpoint of abstract logic or transcendental ethics, it is certainly a most specious argument from the standpoint of national economics in wartime. Nor is there any satisfaction in the thought that the farmer will have his grim revenge in contemplating a starving nation. Such an issue of the problem is too horrible and stupid to consider for a moment. Rather let us hope that the administration will not belie its words with its acts, and let us expect that steps will be taken to urge the farmers to more strenuous and enthusiastic exertions by causing them to feel that the nation regards them as an indispensable element in the war machinery, and not as the lowest and least essential rung in the industrial and military ladder of efficiency.

The theological cast of the administrative mind was evidenced by the section of the draft law exempting clergymen and divinity students. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Hoover, able man that he is, is not credited by the Administration with the ability to duplicate the feat which Jahweh is credited with having performed for the Children of Israel in the Wilderness, of that which is traditionally assigned to Elijah in perpetuating the meal and the cruse of oil for the widow of Zarepthah. The photographs of the President's cabinet which appear from time to time in the Sunday papers reveal a Secretary of Agriculture. Where is his influence directed in the present situation?

CONSISTENCY.

More Salary, More Liberty Bonds

SIR: The Philadelphia teachers are urged by the Board of Education not only to sell bonds, but also to buy them. They would be in a better position to become bondholders if they were granted the much-needed increase of salary, for which they have been working during the past six months. Teachers of the third city in the Republic should, by all means, hold Liberty bonds, and so they might if the salaries paid in this rich city kept pace with soaring prices and with the unavoidable demands exacted by the government because of the war. To live even frugally during the summer months, a teacher must save at least $150. Should she fail to do so, she must either seek summer employment, as many are forced to do, or else face debt, which many dread to do. Teachers desire to be liberal as well as patriotic. If our Boards of Education desire to help the Red Cross and the Liberty Loans, let them at once provide teachers with the means. It is surely the patriotic duty of school boards to make salary schedules which will enable teachers not only to pay their debts, but to lend money to the government in its hour of storm and stress.

ELIZABETH CAHILL.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

An Amended Suggestion

SIR: I suggested in a recent letter that war debt could be distributed by making income-producing property share its income with war bond holders, while the country paid off the principal free from the burden of interest. This can be better carried out than by issuing international paper money. This money would be in excess of the need of capital and would be offered at very low rates of interest, which would inflate all values. Money and income-producing property must bear a definite relationship, just as lubricating oil and gasolene must. A better way is to confiscate a part of all property and give it to bond holders in exchange for their bonds. The war taxes would then be used to pay back this confiscated money at a convenient rate.

W. S. DAVENPORT.

San Diego, California.

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Books and Things

"THE writing of history," said Thomas Madox two centuries ago, "is in some sort a religious act." It is a counsel of perfection in which but few historians have believed. The kind of carefulness in the matter of truth which distinguished Madox himself, or Gardiner, or Maitland, is rare enough among us. All of us, indeed, can fling our taunt at Froude who can write twelve volumes to free himself from belief in his brother's interpretation of the Reformation; the every schoolboy of Macaulay knows that Lamartine made the lie poetical when he wrote that strange pamphlet he called the History of the Girondins. What is strange enough is our zeal where the great men are concerned and our relative unconcern for the books that do not, in a superficial glance, make history.

The professors who have written a historical text-book must be legion. Why do they write them? Is a short history of the English people really needed after Green's splendid adventure? Has each one of a hundred men some new and shining truth to tell that has not been told before? Is there some book on England that stands out from all others? Will a child be different because it has been brought up on Larson and not on Cheyney, on Cross rather than on Tout? One wonders greatly. It is wrong, perhaps, to inquire too closely into motive; but if an undertaking were given by all members, say, of the American Historical Association, that no one of them would write a history of England during the next ten years, I do not think the world would be the poorer for it.

And when those ten years had ended, we might draw up some rules. We might say that a child who is taught that Henry V was a great man because he conquered France, and John Ball a bad man because he preached rebellion, has been sent on its way with a wrong perspective. It might be urged that the social consequences of the Napoleonic wars deserve a place as large as the record of military adventure. The suggestion is not without merit that a historian who mentions Canning need not forget Francis Place. Whatever the prophet of Dryasdust may say, Polybius had the root of the matter in him when he called history a storehouse of political instances. Our attitude to politics is different because Grote gave the lie to Mitford. Historical memory, likewise, is a great national possession; but it must be as objective as the frailty of human nature will admit. Let us, for instance, say that Frederick was a blackguard when he stole Silesia; but let us not less freely say that Louis XIV was blackguardly also when he laid hands on Alsace-Lorraine. A nationalism which requires a sinless history is bound to result—it has in fact resulted—in a disaster which may cripple the world.

America is not blameless in this aspect. Everyone knows of the wicked greed for power from which George III so sadly suffered; but every one does not seem to realize that his absorptiveness affected England not less than the American colonies. The school text-book that is to write of the American revolution is simply dishonest when it speaks of oppression by the English people; for the English people had then other and difficult occupations to engage their time. And if men like George III and Greville were stupid, Burke and Chatham made of this supreme instance of colonial revolt nothing less than a text-book of liberty. If we are to deal with the Revolution let us remember that there is in it no cause of hate for the British nation. The historian can wreak his indignation upon George III; but he should surely refrain from the equation which makes the king one with his people. The result is that the hapless teacher whom a state board of education compels to use the book, will find that the England of the eighteenth century is for most children the same England which is spoken of today.

All of which goes to suggest that national sentiment is a web woven from a thousand strands and those who weave it can hardly dare to estimate what influence a single thread may have upon the design of the whole. I know how hard it is for a young instructor, anxious to get on, and handicapped by an income which is usually microscopic, to avoid the subtle temptation of the publisher's representative. He hears that Professor Blank makes a thousand dollars every year from his history of America. The President will smile on him—that way lies promotion—if he produces a broadly handled study that many students in many universities can use. Let him add complex bibliographies of books he has not seen on subjects he has not the interest to study (called as a rule "lack of space") and the text-book is done. It is much better than a learned article which may take months and then get buried in an obscure periodical which no one reads. When his reappointment comes, the right people will say that he is a bright fellow with a real knack of handling large subjects, and he goes home happy to tell his wife that they can at last go into a flat of their own.

The text-book problem, in fact, is really imbedded in the very central problem of American university life. If there is one thing certain it is that it requires a special kind of genius to write the book and a very special experience to justify it. It isn't, as a rule, a job for a young man; and it never is a job for an old one. I know one professor who wrote his first text-book forty years ago, and has issued variations upon it at intervals of ten years. It is lucrative but it isn't honorable. It does no one any good; and if there is financial envy among his colleagues there is also a very hearty intellectual contempt.

It has another result of no small consequence. Everyone knows that the real problem of the American professor is to make his student like not information but method. He can only learn that from the books that count. He can learn it from Green and Macaulay, from Maitland and de Tocqueville. I don't deny that he will find it harder going than if he read the bloodless and bald-headed summaries that replace them. You can get potted Bryce instead of the real thing. There are summaries of Lowell on the Government of England. A hint on how men dressed in the eighteenth century is a concession to Macaulay's invention of social history in the third chapter of his book. A word on the cahiers of 1789 is supposed to epitomize the economic grievances of five hundred years. The student looks at back numbers of examination papers and finds a constant relation between the questions set and the text-book used. Is it wonderful that he finds Maitland less helpful than he might? Is it remarkable that in after years he is not enthusiastic about his courses in college? Professor C. H. Haskins, of Harvard, has commented scathingly on the arithmetical system of achieving a degree. I am not sure that one root of this many-rooted evil does not go back to the contempt for truth the text-book implies. It would be a great thing if some universities of the standing of Harvard and Yale would determine to abolish them. To take the young student and throw him headlong into a series of first-rate authorities would be to give him meat instead of a watery distillation of its essence. And I am sure that he, no less than those who inherit the consequences of his education, would one day be grateful for it.

H. J. L.

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A Creator as Critic

Books and Persons, being comments on a past epoch, 1908-1911, by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00.

IN the France before 1914, perhaps, there was a good deal of excellent causerie. It was a lost art in London journalism ten years ago. Clement Shorter chatted drily in the Sphere, and Robertson Nicoll was portentous in the British Weekly, but not until Jacob Tonson appeared in the New Age did the possibilities of this kind of artless observation disclose themselves. The comments of Jacob Tonson were not merely the most enlivening in the London journalism of his time. They were unparalleled. They passed with a few bold strokes entirely out of the class of painstaking observation. They put behind them all the conventionality of publishers' notes and pious antiquarianism and bibliographic obligation. They took all contemporary literature as their theme, so it seemed, and delivered final verdicts on books and authors in the most unflinching and light-hearted fashion. Those who came on them unexpectedly did not always know who Jacob Tonson was. Worse still, they did not always know who Arnold Bennett was, when they realized that the man who wrote these papers and so cheerfully referred to his nineteenth novel was not just an impudent farceur. But the sheer entertainment and stimulus of his causerie was enough to give it a place not only in attention but in glowing memory. Long after the column was discontinued in the New Age "Jacob Tonson's" achievement left its impression, and the efforts of pallid successors reminded one of Napoleon III.

It is to Mr. Hugh Walpole that we owe this selection of sixty-nine dissertations from the two hundred that were published, 1908-1911. Mr. Bennett says that he and Mr. Frank Swinnerton suggested a few of the inclusions, and that no alterations have been made in the articles more serious than an epithet softened or a spelling corrected. "In particular I have left the critical judgments alone," says Mr. Bennett, "for the good reason that I stand by nearly all of them, though perhaps with a less challenging vivacity, to this day." The terms of this remark are interesting, in view of the sharp impression that was made by the articles on their first appearance. And how do they read now, really? Is Mr. Bennett wise to have had them resurrected? Are they as good as they seemed?

The thing that stands out, most favorably, is their manner. "The first business of any writer, and especially of any critical writer, is not to be mandarinic and tedious." Mr. Bennett was as good as his word. But what enabled him to write of books in his debonair way, so unlike "the whole professorial squad—Bradley, Herford, Dowden, Walter Raleigh, Elton, Saintsbury," was in all likelihood the assurance he derived from being himself a practitioner. His lack of tedious reasonableness came undeniably from his conviction that he knew the game. And it is as a professional's game, almost exclusively, that Mr. Bennett considered the books and persons that he was discoursing about. That is why he remains interested in the judgments he delivered, and why their soundness seems to him so important a feature now. "I have never pretended to look at things from any other standpoint than that of a creative artist," he says. The assertion has point, though it is often as a practicing author rather than as a creative artist that Mr. Bennett wrote these pungent comments. They prove, as his re-affirmation suggests, that he knew literary values remarkably well. How different this is from revealing critical genius is something that the reader probably suspects.

Literary practitioners will be glad to read again those pointed practical dicta on literary agents, censorship by the libraries, "the sevenpennies," the French and British Academies, the length of novels, publishers and authors, and so forth, which are here revived in all their pleasant intemperance. These articles represent Mr. Bennett in his supreme directness and candor and hard sense as to the professional side of writing and the rights of the literary public against governmental fools. His opinions have the industrialism of the Five Towns ingrained in them, and also English liberalism. They are intensely refreshing today. Brutal idiocies of the United States Post Office officials are neatly satirized, and many activities of English beadledom commemorated in the way they deserve. Not less alive today are those articles devoted to the declaration of literary preferences, the lively and witty manifestoes of a man who dares to say what he likes. In these Mr. Bennett is most characteristic and yet not completely critical, for it is in these, with few exceptions, that he is content to let blunt assertion take the place of any kind of interpretation. It is by mere accident that the assertion is profitable, being nearly always welcome and right.

Take, as an example of Mr. Bennett's journalistic manner, this running comment on The Brothers Karamazoff: "I now learn from Mr. Baring that the French translation is bad and incomplete, and that the original work, vast as it is, is only a preliminary fragment of a truly enormous novel which death prevented Dostoievsky from finishing. Death, this is yet another proof of your astonishing clumsiness! The scene with old monk at the beginning of 'The Brothers Karamazoff' is in the very grandest heroical manner. There is nothing in either English or French prose literature to hold a candle to it. And really I do not exaggerate! There is probably nothing in Russian literature to match it, outside Dostoievsky. It ranks, in my mind, with the scene towards the beginning of 'Crime and Punishment,' when in the inn the drunken father relates his daughter's 'shame.' These pages are unique. They reach the highest and most terrible pathos that the novelist's art has ever reached." Mr. Bennett knows what he is talking about in respect of Dostoievsky, as in respect of Conrad, Henri Becque, François de Curel, Tchekoff, Wilfred Whitten. But here as elsewhere he is dealing in stimulant, not criticism. He is imposing his will. The tone, if one pays attention to such phrases as "nothing to hold a candle to it," is the informal and confidential tone of the studio and the workshop. It is the tone of the tipster and the collector. It does nothing for Dostoievsky except to throw a spot-light on him and advertise his fame. Only when he is writing of H. G. Wells is Mr. Bennett sufficiently moved by his subject to lose the coolness of a shrewd and judicious informant and become a passionate critic, a man whose whole personality is absorbed by the dignity of his subject and the thrilling significance of what he has to communicate. In regard to W. W. Jacobs and Rudyard Kipling and Conrad and Henry James and Meredith there are exceedingly pertinent discriminations, but absorbed or inspired interpretation in no case outside Mr. Wells.

Because half the vitality of an opinion depends on the form of it, Books and Persons had tremendous impact when they were published. Mr. Bennett knew his mind completely, besides having a mind to know. After a lapse

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of time the impact is less tremendous, the disclosure of preference less startling, but qualities of humor and cordiality and honesty come to preserve these conversational notes. They remain provocative in a literary way, so far as their endorsements have still to be tested, but their real charm is their temper. Mr. Bennett made an art of his table-talk. F. H.

The American Adventure

A Son of the Middle Border, by Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

MR. HOWELLS has written a criticism of Hamlin Garland's story which must make as memorable a mark in the literature of appreciation as A Son of the Middle Border will make in the literature of American autobiography. Thirty years ago, when Mr. Garland, a pioneer from Dakota to Boston, was feeling for his literary sincerity, it was Mr. Howells, as he tells us in this book, whom he revered as master and pursued in and out of season. What charm, therefore, in this mellow benediction bestowed on the disciple, himself no longer young, with his career already largely behind him! To a younger generation, Mr. Howells and Mr. Garland seem almost like contemporaries, and their issues of a national literature, which should spring out of a conscientious sectional interpretation, seem faded and old. Cable, Harris, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, whom the young radical put into an American literary scheme for Mr. Howells' approving ears, have not had quite the staying power for a national literature. From their graceful fading, however, Mr. Garland has rescued himself, and in this beautiful and virile book seized a theme which makes his story not only that personal document which Mr. Howells could not pinnacle too high but perhaps also the most sensitive interpretation that has been written of the later pioneer life in America.

Mr. Garland's best work, like Main-Travelled Roads, was built directly out of the stones of his autobiographical quarry. But how much more vivid and alluring is the quarry than the constructed short stories and novels. How much more significant this dramatic landscape of his struggling life than the little huts his talent has built on it. The inventive writer, after long struggling with stiff fictional forms, suddenly discovers himself as his own best artistic form and material and bursts out into the freshest of self-revelations, without self-consciousness and yet with an insight that makes silly the legend that the American has no talent for introspection and resents its expression. Thus it was with Mr. Dreiser's happy and unlabored A Hoosier Holiday, and thus it is with Mr. Garland's more finished and significant reminiscence. These two books are not only better literature than anything either novelists have written, but better than almost any novel or short story of their fellows. I mean, there is more flavor of life, more appreciation of beauty, greater sincerity of pathos, greater simplicity, and even a more convincing sense of form.

In a country which lacks a strong literary tradition or a uniform and vigorous training in expression, we must expect writers, with the exception of those born luckily into a milieu of literary taste, always to cope more or less unsuccessfully with literary construction. Men of talent, but of hampered education, would suffer a long handicap from not starting with the cultural capital with which a mind in a more intensive civilization is endowed. They would have years of just such work as Mr. Garland had in even getting their bearings. They would have almost to create for themselves the standards, preferences, techniques of expression. At first they would work for the conventional forms as the only package in which a conventional public would receive their gifts. Only much later would they find that their chance to make a permanent impression lay not so much in a paraphrasing of their experience into arbitrary plots and narratives as in an interpretation of the very experience itself. Thus they would gradually attain the true sincerity of their talent, and feel themselves as significant, so that their story, when it came, would be much more than a mere personal record, it would be a drama of a social movement or a struggling class. Out of themselves would have come a great and revealing book, where they could not have created a great book out of the world on which they looked objectively. But that fight to get their bearings and make a living, however much it might impede their mastery of literary art, would give these books a glamor that the more fortunate writer could never attain. Introspection would work out an artistic form that they never could have invented. So this first book of Mr. Garland's reminiscences has the artistic charm that comes from spontaneity with a sustained reflective mood. And the story has a plot that only life could have invented for him. No novelist could have provided such motives and meanings as the excitements and ironies of pioneer life have provided.

What irony, for instance, in the fact that his commencement oration at the Academy in the little Iowa village to which the Garlands had come from the "Middle Border" was on the theme of Going West, to be immediately followed by a hungry pilgrimage back to that very New England from which his father had set out on the pioneering march! Penniless and bare-handed, the young Garland was a true pioneer back to the culture which the pioneers' war with the plains had crowded out of their life, so that all his work on the land and his response to the freedom and beauty of the West had left him with nothing but yearning. As he was carried along from homestead to homestead by his father's restlessness, he only lived until he could find some place where his starving imagination, which had clutched at every scrap of print that floated into homestead or village, could find a more bountiful fare. Those travels through the Massachusetts country and his struggle for a foothold in Boston are adventures that thrill us as much as any western career. And what irony in the closing of the book with the return of the broken, if undaunted, father and mother from the parched Dakota plains to the very Wisconsin village from which their pioneering twenty-five years before had begun!

Under his romantic feeling and sympathy, Mr. Garland does not conceal the grim mischief that this pioneering worked. The early chapters show the "Middle Border" in the late sixties, settled into a vigorous civilization, which had not appreciably drained the New England from which it had sprung, nor yet become itself attenuated. In this western Wisconsin where Mr. Garland was born, the wine of the Puritans was still sweet and ruddy. The life was rough but left a margin. Climate and soil were favorable, and there was bounty. Mr. Garland gives a vivid picture of a society of much personality and charm. Little official culture had come with them perhaps, but among the uncles and aunts and neighbors there was music and gaiety and a certain sturdy raciness of legend and homely philosophy. Would this life have all been conserved, if the Mississippi that bounded the "Middle Border" had been an impassable iron wall, or if the men had only

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doubted their ability to grapple with the endless plains that lured them from their wooded hills? One gets hints in these pages of the kind of mature and intensive democracy that Whitman prophesied out of the vigorous America he looked upon. But the war made men restless, and this American life was so much diverted from its course that Whitman reads quaintly today, as a visionary who made his democratic dreams out of his desires. But Mr. Garland brings back a conviction that this America of Whitman's visions was really there, or at least there in the raw for the building of his democracy of great personalities.

The "farther on," however, gnawed at the lives of the Garlands and the other men of the "Middle Border," and the pioneer songs bedeviled them. They ripped their civilization up by the roots, and scattered it over the boundless plains. This vigorous communal life was shattered into a thousand isolated homesteads and wan hamlet outposts. Through Minnesota and Iowa to Dakota, the Garlands made their way, harried by drought and blizzards and insect pests in the impossible single-handed fight. The doggedness which assumed that mere intensity of will could overcome the pitiless climate, and the pride that would never admit a return, took the pioneers ever farther from possible prosperity, and strewed the plains with shriveled lives and communities that scarcely ever even began to live. The "Middle Border" scarcely recovered from this ripping away of its best vigor, and the life that was taken withered in this relentless West. That is a memorable chapter in which Mr. Garland describes his return years later to the village and the wistful boyhood friends eating out their hearts in an arid life from which only talent like his or bravado could have rescued them. New immigration saved the deserted land, but nothing could save the sturdy old American fabric. In the later chapters, those passionate and daring uncles of his boyhood are seen as disappointed, unfulfilled wanderers. The pioneer spirit is shown as blighting successively the borders which it was always restlessly passing beyond, until in this progressive thinning it vanished in defeat by invincible wind and dryness and cold. A colonizing civilization, going out in companies, with science as well as heroism, might have conquered. Mr. Garland shows the wrecking of a civilization to the tune of all the braveries and virtues.

In this struggle which he understood so well, he feels all the honorable shame of the deserter. Saved by contact with a still vitalizing Boston, he could help the radicals and reformers in their political war on the business interests that were always ready to coöperate with pitiless nature in the slaughter of the pioneer. In these old wars he played a manful part, and what seems now a little old-fashioned in his reminiscence is that he should have so little bitterness left. If there is a defect in his art, it is the romantic treatment which at times almost approaches obstinacy. His romantic attitude never sounds anything but sincere, but it is not the tone of today. We are no longer so amiable. We begin to feel the huge deficit that must be put to the pioneering account, and we have the resentment of enterprising sons towards the father who has squandered the family substance. Still we are not yet so shrill as not to appreciate with a personal warmth this admirable book, the revealing drama, not only of brave and sensitive youth, but also of the ironic tragedy of the later American pioneering, told with more genius than America has yet been able to muster. It is a story that the mellowest critic will smilingly commend, and the rawest young malcontent read with enthusiasm and delight.

R. B.

A Novel à la Mode

The Three Black Pennys, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

THIS book has the alien dignity of competent, unerring craftsmanship. It is a technically adroit, persuasive, even brilliant novel. Certainly the convenient ambiguity of easy praise, forced upon reviewers by endless confectionery fiction, cannot do for Mr. Hergesheimer. He merits, as well as provokes, a more honest assessment.

It would not be difficult to get accountants to agree on the first item of that assessment. The validity of The Three Black Pennys as an artistic product does not depend upon any special locale or racial accent. It hasn't the provincialism of deep roots. It derives its curious force and effectiveness rather from a blending, a kind of alert dovetailing of various contemporary traditions. It is distinctively a novel *à la mode*. The story is of three "black" Pennys, three men with a Welsh strain of gloomy blood reasserting itself, flaring up in the old fashion of rebellion against new environments. They are introspective, "queer." Characteristically, this queerness reveals itself in their penchant for articulating the transient images called up by the random and obscure feelings which cluster around the sexual impulse. Each has a certain native ruggedness and drive at odds with the urgent irresponsibility of a dominant passion. The first merely burns his way through straw barriers to his wifely goal, and the second is betrayed into an early blunder of the flesh which hangs on him like a white horse of Rosmersholm through middle age to final purgation. In the third episode, the direct line of the ancient iron-monger's family becomes a loveless hero, fatigued, dilettante, the gutted candle. In contrast is James Polder, of a less respected genealogical tree, although still with a strain of the Penny in him, who symbolizes a union of the flesh and the spirit.

Now whatever else Mr. Hergesheimer's advocates may, with considerable justification, desire to believe, certainly The Three Black Pennys is not American. The setting happens to be the early Pennsylvania of the ante-revolutionary days, then of the Philadelphia and New York of the middle of the last century, finally of today, a sort of American "milestones" *mise-en-scène*. But the setting does not matter, for it is merely a setting, a skilfully painted back-drop for the introspective passages declaimed before it, quite unlike the stage of vibrant colors, flickering lights and dusky curtains, that for a space threatened to become the real hero of our modern drama. Of course since Hardy nature is never permitted a mere passive rôle in the play; she, too, goes on picaresque adventures, and I am far from suggesting that Mr. Hergesheimer is old fashioned. If his characters do not blend with the mood of the forest or plain, they are still neighborly and sensitive to "the tranquil sky" and "the grass throbbing with the song of robins."

But the nature which Mr. Hergesheimer envisages is not specifically ours. It is the infusion of common soil. If it were not the sparkling autumn gold of the eastern Appalachians, Devon brown or russet would evoke the same response. It is mere, rather than special, environment. Yet the author's stylistic brush has certitude and vigor, clipped phrases and vivid abbreviations that are the first heritage we now derive from the imagistes. There is economy in the paint-box and Mr. Hergesheimer has all our modern horror of an anachronism. He yields to the gleaming and hard, the metallic adjective. The result

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is three plausible, brightly etched pictures, accompanying the three stories into which the author has chosen to divide his book. There is a certain glamor in them, too, of quick suggestion rather than the slow, full detail of the Phillpotts of an older tradition of descriptive writing. Their being in an American frame, however, is fundamentally irrelevant. The frame might just as well have been Russian or French or English. The Three Black Pennys is no first timid wild flower of our pioneer, barbarous soil. There is no amalgam of our different climates, our nasal diversities, our crudities and contrasts, which could endure the quick dissolving fires of all parts of the Union.

It is a novel of three mating histories, with introspective decorations, bound by a continuity of setting and ancestry. Mr. Hergesheimer unfolds the story with the consummate self-conscious finesse that bespeaks a fruitful study of French novels. From the "new" poetry he derives much of his verbal incisiveness. And his heroes are commingled English and Russian self-analysts, adepts at exploring the emotional twilight zone of vague sexual impulse. It is a compensation for authors that we are all friendly disposed in advance towards the man who reveals the subjective rhythm and color of desire. Somehow humanness is more easily imputed to him than to the reticent or objective hero. However, it is the humanness of identification instead of new friendship. The author reveals us to ourselves instead of to another. The protagonist becomes a ratification rather than a discovery. The Three Black Pennys, in a word, become one black Penny, and that one an indefinite prolongation of a single part of ourselves. It is like an accurate picture in monotone. Thus, in spite of the sting of its fine artistry, its adroit blend of high literary models, only fitfully and uncertainly does it touch creative heights. H. S.

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A Witness for the Unconscious

The Sorry Tale. A Story of the Time of Christ, by Patience Worth. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.90.

PATIENCE WORTH is dismaying if she is the spirit of an Englishwoman of the seventeenth century, now dictating on a ouija board a story of the time of Christ. Is this all one gets out of some centuries of unearthly experience? Must not a hopelessness descend on the believer in a dead Patience Worth? He cannot easily despise her, one would suppose, or feel he could have done better with it himself. Patience Worth is at times sensitive and charming. Probably her use of unearthliness would have been well above the average.

The book begins with the birth of a boy in a leper's hut outside the walls of Bethlehem on the night of the birth of Jesus. Theia, a Greek dancer, cast off by the Emperor Tiberius, has come wandering there. She goes on the next morning with the child, whom she bitterly and symbolically names Hate, into the town, where she sees Mary and the manger. The reader can so far puzzle out events, but after that he remains confused. He seems to be watching a rather languid kaleidoscope. There is perpetual motion and multitudinous changing figures.

Hate and Jesus meet toward the end of the book. Hate has become "empty" by brooding over the mystery of his father—he refers to him as "the Who." He finds out about his birth, boasts of it, is feared, the rumor is, by Tiberius, and is crucified with Jesus by the complaisant "mighty one." On the last night, in the Roman "pits," he talks with Jesus and believes in Love.

Patience Worth sees vividly and has often a striking phrase for what she sees. But the idea of the thing has an unpleasant kind of immaturity.

For the most part her language is only bewildering—and as contagious as stammering. It has a dreamlike, uncontrolled abundance and its meaning is evanescent. Mr. Yost's phrase about Patience Worth's "verbal and syntactical peculiarities" seems very solemn. In fact, Patience Worth often talks gibberish, though Mr. Yost claims to understand her.

"And Theia leaned far, and touched the flesh of Hatte and her voice sounded as the temple's doves—'Hatte, Hatte, this thing is true; but the airs, the skies, dreams, dreams, yea, out from thee and Theia shall come forth dreams that shall set the waters of hate to dry and the lands of woe to send forth spurts of young green that spelleth hope!"

Mr. Yost annotates this: "Another reference to the present."

Before some obscurities one feels the tradition of respect and one tries to doubt one's own instinct for clearness. Perhaps the sequence of the thought lies in the upper reaches of the spirit and one may be walking on low levels? But the obscurities of The Sorry Tale are too delirious and the book too much amuses one's knowledge of the unconscious not to be dissected pitilessly. And there is so much that would be horrible if it were the utterance of a soul in Paradise!

It is in the helplessness of the unconscious that one can

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find peace. Again and again in the book one chuckles only by feeling irresponsible. What dim Protestant child at large in the Old Testament left this footprint in the slit of the stream of life? When Theia decides to cut out another Greek slave in Herod's favor and strides into the palace, " the step of her fell regal," " there upon the couches lay they, the king's chosen. Wide and fatted much; women whose fingers were dipped in saffron and whose locks dripped sweet oils. And they played with fans of feather that sent up winds of sweets. And the flesh of them seemed ripe and o'er the riping."

Patience Worth has always this immaturity that is both nasty and innocent. The piety of the book, too, has a horrid unctuousness and sentimentality that the world bravely claims to outgrow.

But although she is an ordeal if we like to feel remote from unpleasant undergrowth, she still gives us moments of respite. Her book is full of lovely sensitiveness to nature—to skies and to birds and, above all, to camels! The unconscious seems to enhance the general experience of circuses and zoos.

Fine perceptions of the spirit now and then are cheering, too. One hopes they are not so much intrusions from the upper consciousness as proper possessions of the under.

"And Nada spake: 'Yea, Panda, yet each man who cometh within thy household speaketh him a new god. This seemeth folly; for all men know but one throb that meaneth Him within their hearts.'"

There is comfort, then, here and there in the book, for the reader uneasy about the bed of the river of consciousness. But for a believer in a dead Patience Worth is there comfort enough? E. B.

Contributors

to this issue

WILLIAM HARD has contributed articles on economics and politics to various periodicals, and is now in Washington studying problems of organization for The New Republic.

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